

DISCOR

november 2001 that magazine from citr 101.9 fm free



jetone

almost transparent blue

ursula rucker

vandana shiva

rebecca godfrey

31 knots

mike patton

and more

DER

tuesdays

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DISCORDER

ISSUE 224 • NOVEMBER 2001 • THAT FUCK YOU! MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



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cover

Look, it's Jelone made pretty by Lori Kiessling.
 Thanks to friendly little Jerry, too.

Just because we're losers doesn't mean
 that we don't put in an effort

Maro Crawford:

Christa Min

Brian Burke:

Barbara Andersen

Reg Dunlop:

Steve DiPasquale

Daniel and Henrik Sedin:

Lori Kiessling and Matt Seacay

Box Office:

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Markus Naslund:

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**Would've designed much better
 third jerseys:**

Mike Payette, Scott Malin, Andrea

Nunes, Black Ding Dong, Jay

Douillard, Michelle Furbacher,

folios, Ben Lai

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SONAR
 66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 7

G-NIOUS DJ BATTLE/EBONY & IVORY SOUND CREW @ GRANDE

\$6 all night long, students free before 11pm.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10:

HOUSE OF VENUS & BIGTIME Present DJ SPEN (BASEMENT BOYS) @ INSIDE

This time, it's none other than full-time remixer/producer for Basement Boys Productions, DJ SPEN. Also in the main room, resident DJs Dickey Doo and Todd Omolani. Clarence and his soul/jazz crew keep it cool upstairs in the lounge...Please arrive early to ensure entry. Doors 9pm/Cover TBA.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 11:

SPECIAL SUNDAY SESSIONS... open 'til 2am!!

Presented by Boomtown Records and Neurofunk.com w/ resident DJs

SILENCE, WOOD, & LINK

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 16:

6pm - 9pm: THE BIG SHMOOZE

Unwind every Friday after work with downbeat, chill hip-hop and nu jazz with Dana D and guests. No cover, drink specials.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 18:

2GUERILLA, XLRR & CTR Present MR. SCRUFF (Ninjatune/Manchester)

Got to keep on movin' with this legendary deejay. Playing the soul classics all the way up to the newest leftfield anthems. Plus Dana D. Doors 8pm/\$12 in advance available at Zulu, Boomtown, Bassix, Futuristic Flavor & Sonar.

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 20:

PHATT PHUNK Presents PETE TONG (Essential Mix, RADIO 1)

The anticipated re-scheduled date has now been confirmed. Pete will finally be touching down in Vancouver for what is sure to be a show not to be missed.

Doors 9pm/ Advance tickets at Boomtown.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 21:

GHOSTFACE ALBUM RELEASE PARTY @ GRANDE

\$6 all night long, students free before 11pm.

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 22:

XLRR & NORDIC TRAX Presents STACEY PULLEN (Black Flag, Detroit)

+ JOE SILVA (Wpg) w/ Jay Tripwire & Luke McKeen. The techno legend. No need for intros. A show definitely not to be missed Doors 9pm/Tickets \$10/\$15 door

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 23:

2GUERILLA Presents DJ KRUSH (Sony, Jpn) @ SWITCH

The only name in Japanese hip-hop returns to Sonar for one night only in support of his latest full length release. w/ resident deejay Vinyl Ritchie. Doors 8pm/Tickets \$15 door only arrive early to avoid disappointment!

MONDAY NOVEMBER 26:

CAFE DEL MAR presents JAFFA - Live! Plus DJ BRUNO + NAPPY G

Infamous Ibiza Club 'Cafe Del Mar' hits the road with resident deejay Bruno + Montreal's coolest downtempo band JAFFA playing live with former Grooves Collective MC/ percussionist NAPPY G. Don't miss this one. Doors 9pm/Tickets \$15 advance

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 30:

SONAR Presents SWITCH - THE NEW FRIDAY NIGHT

w/ resident deejay Vinyl Ritchie & a rotation of Vancouver's finest beatsmiths playing hip-hop

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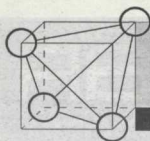
Open: 9pm-2am

Club: [604] 683.6695

Visual styling by: URBAN

Sound system by:

Ⓞ Turbosound



vancouver special

janis mackenzie

READYMADE On Point and Red (Endearing)

It's been almost five years since Readymade's previous long-player (called *The Dramatic Balance*), but fans of the first release don't have to worry about radical changes—the band is still delivering the pensive, melancholy, dreamy, understated, pretty, and yes, shoe-gazing goods, now on Manitoba's Endearing label. *On Point* and *Red* arrived at the perfect moment for me—a stormy fall day when I came home from GTR carrying a soaking wet plastic bag jammed to spilling with a couple of dozen (!) CDs to listen to. Readymade seems designed to calm down even an overloaded, grumpy reviewer—pop this into the machine and you'll instantly feel ready to settle in with a hot drink and fluffy quilt. (By the end of the 20th track you might just feel as if you've been practicing yoga for the past 48 minutes.) The sound of rain tapping on the windows and readymade coming through the speakers: this could be the perfect soundtrack to a dark winter evening in Vancouver.

www.readymade-vr.com

info@readymade-vr.com

THE FALCONS

Rebel Jukebox (Falcon Beach Music)

If Readymade makes you feel generally dreamy, The Falcons are aiming for something more specific: their surf instrumentals are apparently meant to transport listeners to an imaginary beach in a past time. And while the Falcons may have spent just as much money on their CD as any of this month's other bands, there's a one-take, no-overdubs, primitive (although somehow squeaky-clean) kind of feel to this recording that is well-suited to the genre. There are no fancy effects or studio trickery here, and not even as much echo as you might expect, but just 13 straight-ahead guitar-and-drum-driven originals, as well as one classic cover where the band is joined by a former member of the Fontaines. Some of the standouts: "Half Nelson" (with its huge drum solo), the energetic "Jokers Wild," and of course that cover, "The Mexican."

www.falconbeachmusic.com

THERMOS

Tourmaline (Swell Sounds)

Thermos is fronted by Annie Wilkinson, once of Zolty

Cracker and Knock Down

Ginger, now publisher of www.sugarbushmagazine.com

and pick-up bassist for about a zillion—Vancouver—bands. Somehow she's found the time for this project too, writing all the songs, gathering together musicians who seem just as busy as she is, and she designed a darned stylish CD package. The resulting eleven tracks remind me only a little bit of Knock Down Ginger—the frequent layered harmonies and basic guitar arrangements of that band are replaced on the best Thermos songs with a more complex (yet still catchy) sound that puts together elements like keyboards, electric and acoustic guitars, various sampled sounds, huge Zeppelin-esque drums, and a "Tomorrow Never Knows" Beatles kind of psychedelic grooviness. On the tracks where Wilkinson harmonizes with herself, something dark and assured comes through in the songs. Where she sings alone, her voice is either a little tremulous and wobbly, or perhaps honestly girlishly vulnerable—contrasting sharply against the carefully crafted, and cool, instrumentation.

www.thermos.net

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—*USA USA!*

WITH YOSEFF + HATCHC (OTR)
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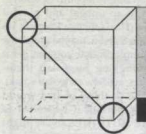
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strut, fret, and flicker

penelope mulligan

NON-EXTENSIVE COVERAGE OF THE LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

BERLIN BABYLON

(Germany)
Anyone fascinated by the evolution of cities should see this extraordinary documentary. Using footage gathered over the decade since German unification, it follows the remaking of the once-again capitol on a scale frighteningly close to that of Baron Haussmann's redesign of Paris in the mid-19th century.

Like Patrick Kerr's unforgettable London (reprise at this year's fest), it manages to be both factual and extremely poetic. The camera pans the crumbling facades and still decaying spiral staircases of old blocks of flats like a caress. The red and yellow S-Bahn snakes doggedly through the upheaval. We know these things are doomed, and the demolition explosions come at us like terrorism coverage. We hear planners and architects discussing the problem of newness ("It needs time to become real") and of what to do with some of the butt-ugly stuff thrown up in the Soviet sector during the 1960s (now dubbed "East German Modernism"). And there's some astounding footage of the massive rare held a while back on the newly reopened Potsdamer Platz.

As political invasions of reconfiguring a city are insidious in the extreme, of course, since people will be forced to move and live in a different way, but filmmaker Hubertus Siegert remains admirably objective in letting what he's documented speak for itself. He does, however, allow himself one beautiful indulgence when a poem called "The Angel of History" slices through the film like a runaway scene from *Wings of Desire*. "He stands with his face to the past. His mouth is agape... What we see as a series of events, he sees as a single catastrophe."

INTIMACY

(Great Britain/France)
Only Europe could handle sex, emotion and the kamikaze connection between the two quite like this. The UK/France co-production turns out to be a forlorn pairing, with graphic sex getting the unflinching Gallic treatment and emotion given the reined-in but ultimately gut-taking depth of the Brits.

The sex between Claire (Kerry Fox) and Jack (Mark Ryland) is casual only in the no-strings sense. Every Wednesday, she comes to his bleak South London gaff and they

shag on the floor with the ferocity of starving animals. We never find out how this arrangement began; only that it can't continue in the same way once one of them starts to question what it all means.

The realization that no strings fcking can lead to unexpected emotional attachment when you keep doing it with the same person hits both of them hard, but it's particularly heartbreaking to watch Jack's emotional constipation shake loose. Ryland gives a performance that's simply monumental. In fact, everyone is great here and Marianne Faithfull is a special treat as Claire's wise and bawlsy friend sailing gloriously through late middle age.

Explicit and crazy intense as the sex scenes are, director Patrice Chereau makes them seem extremely private—as if you've walked in on the couple and feel totally superfluous. After a while, they don't so

couple—and the hideous affair climaxes in a kind of exorcism in the leuement where it's set.

Refreshing might seem an odd word to use in the same sentence as *Svankmeyer*, but goddamnit, he is. He taunts squeamishness with scenes which would, after all, be quite at home in our dreams, and frames his child after in ways which most North American directors would shrink from in knee-jerk discomfort. By cutting to the girl as she studies the source story in her book of fairy tales, *Svankmeyer* also seems to be suggesting what the child already knows: that in times of crisis, myth is the best guide.

WALK BACKWARDS

(British Columbia)
I spent a good part of this one wondering whether it was just plain bad or really good in a way that I hadn't yet grasped. Local actor and first-time director Laurie Maia Baranay told

We know these things are doomed, and the demolition explosions come at us like terrorism coverage.

much arouse, as elicit empathy.

As a setting for Hanif Kureishi's stories, London is like a big, patient container for everyone's folly—all warm and lumbering, anarchic and hip—and the soundtrack is perfectly bookended by the moody beauty of the Tinderticks and David Bowie. The film left me feeling upset, randy and grateful as hell.

LITTLE OTIK

(Czech Republic)
The opposite of Disney is Jan Svankmeyer. In his latest masterpiece, the captain of the surreal again mixes live action and animation—this time, to bring a Czech fairy tale to life.

The fable seems to concern a pact with the devil, but one of the more psychological than consciously Faustian. The husband of a childless couple carves his wife a doll from a tree stump which she, in her grief, takes to be her real baby. Against strong misgivings, he allows the deception to proceed, and the stump, looking fetching in bib and smother, comes to monstrous life.

As in many allegorically loaded children's stories, the catalyst for unravelling the whole mess is a wise and untold girl-child—in this case, the daughter of a neighbouring

THE PLUG HOLE

I once overheard some male friends discussing a falling-out they'd had with one of their mates. They put it down to "that Yoko thing." I knew right away what they meant. One of their number had taken up with a woman whose life was so strong and inspiring that he was spending more time in her world than in theirs. Or maybe she was just a controlling and manipulative bitch. Who knows? The interesting thing was the phrase itself. The fact that Yoko Ono's name was still attached to a syndrome so many years after her liaison with John Lennon says much about the demonization she was subjected to. Her prolific career as an artist had been going on long before all the Beatles-related press and her work was so off the radar that even some of her contemporaries in the avant-garde world dismissed her as a flake.

As a performance artist, she's an undisputed grandmother to the current generation of practitioners. The reason I'm chattering about all this is to draw attention to a play opening mid-November at the Firehall Arts Centre. *The Yoko Ono Project*, written by Jean Yoon, uses performance art to illuminate Yoko Ono's life, work and stigmatization. In it, the lives of three different Asian-Canadian women are forever changed when they fall into Yoko's world. At this point, I don't know anything more about the production, but it has the potential to be one of the most fascinating shows this fall. It runs November 15–December 8. Call the Firehall at 689.0926 for tickets and info.

Speaking of performance art, the LIVE biennial is a whole festival full of it. Its been going on since mid-October and you still have four weeks to check out performance which either combines genres or defies genre labelling altogether. One of the things catching my eye is *Catwalk Envy: A Subverted Runway Show*. As well as being an actual fashion show of local artists, it also includes a piece critiquing NAFTA. That's at 9pm on November 9 and 10 at the Western Front. Also at the Front on November 16 at 8pm, are two spoken word operas, *Empire* and *Us Pair*. The former is an allegory about a big corporation and the latter looks at European child-care workers and their affluent American employers. And you'd better shake it or you'll miss David Young (a.k.a. Yellowboy) in *Yello Diabolo*, which he describes as "equal parts wrestling and sound assault." It's at Artist Run Centre on November 2 at 9:30pm.

For more info on LIVE event call 875.9576, go to www.liveinancouver.bc.ca or be righteously analogue and pick up a brochure from somewhere. •

FUCKING BULLSHIT!

By Christie Hia

My favourite Rolling Stones album is *Let It Be*. I mean, if I had to choose, but no one would make me choose because who really cares about the Rolling Stones anymore? Mike Jagger is really old and ugly. He's always been ugly but now he's old. I have to admit that he has quite an ass. I don't mean that I want to touch it because it turns me on, I mean that if you just had a picture of his ass, with pants on of course, tight ones, you'd never guess that he was as old and ugly as he is. His daughter, Liz Tyler, has an amazing ass, too. I wish I had an ass like that, all round and like a pillow. She's a beauty. But who really cares because she's not a rock star. So I don't care about her or her pops.

I care about great bands like Pavement. But they broke up. Still, good old Steven Malkmus is still doing his thing. It's just super. I mean, I loved Busker Du, especially their first album, *Zen Arcade*, and it's really too bad that they broke up. I can still appreciate Rob Mould's solo stuff. He's still a punk rocker. He's keeping it real.

At least those bands didn't break up because someone killed himself. I loved Nirvana, and I still do, but it really saddens me to listen to Fred D and

realize that Curt Cobain isn't around anymore. He was a musical genius. Just like Ian MacCurtis. I don't like New Order as much as I liked Joy Division. It's a totally different band. But even more than Joy Division, I adored in Excess. They were an amazing band, and they were at their peak when Michael Hutchence committed suicide. It's really too bad.

But I don't only like bands that aren't together anymore. I'm a huge Sonar Youth fan. They've never broken up. Well, I guess the drummer, Bill Berry, got cancer and left the band after that, but they're still going strong as a trio. I also love The Cure. Technically, they're still a band even though Robert Jones says that *Flowmasters* is going to be their last album.

I guess my absolute favourite new band has to be The Strokes. I think they're just fantastic because they sound exactly like the Velvet Underground and Television, two of my all time favourite bands. The Strokes do bring their own fresh take on rock music, though. And that's why I like them. Sure, they're young, but so am I, and I have to admit, for a young rock, I sure know a lot about rock and roll. •

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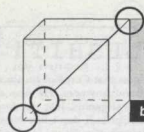
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7 inch

bryce dunn

Another month, another column. Nobody's taken me up on my salsa idea as a way to rate 7's, so I am forced to deliver my slightly diluted, but hopefully stimulating, opinions on the stack of wax that sits before me, and this stack is a real mixed bag folks, believe you me.



Beginning with a couple entries from Alternative Tentacles Records (PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092), the first is a split between **THE FLESHIES** and **VICTIM'S FAMILY**, both with a decidedly heavy bone to pick with the world. Victim's Family sound like Gwar on a bender,

and The Fleshies are visceral punk with a sadistically humorous streak.

On the opposite end of the spectrum, or should I say the opposite end of the smoke-filled, bourbon-drenched bar, tinkering away, on a rag-tag piano and crooning songs of lonely nights and remembering John Lee Hooker, is where you'll find **THE FLAMING STARS**. Bottom's up.

Heads up, **THE FLASH EXPRESS** have figured out who stole the soul from the rest of us on a two-song testimonial channeled straight outta the garage. I shoulda known this would be comin' from an outfit with ex-members of **The Countdowns**, still exorcising those **James Brown** flashbacks, I see. (Revenge Records, 5835 Harold Way, #203, Hollywood, CA 90028)

"Am I On My Own" is a song from the new platter from Jesse Michaels, aka **COMMON RIDER**. Evidently not, as this former **Operation Ivy** front man spits out four catchy, introspective ska-punk numbers with the help of Billie Joe

(Green Day), Dan Panic (Screaching Weasel), Jason White (Pinhead Gunpowder), and Doug Sangalang (One

The Lobby). Say again? Also the B-side, "Flight Of The Wounded Locust," makes me feel like I'm trapped in an old Colecovision

folk in different pyjamas. Based upon simple repetitive patterns, but in an upbeat and playful way. (Horizontalist Records, no address given, maybe under the assumption that you can get it by bugging Stereolab themselves, at www.stereolab.co.uk). Come to think of it, I would sleep, period, if I listened to **THE BUTCHIES** every night before bedtime, two tracks of dual vocal, female pop with zzzzzzzzz... oh sorry. (Mr. Lady Records, PO Box 3189 Durham, NC 27715) Next month, a sackful of Christmas coal (I hope not)! •



Time Angels). Impressed? Then go get it, chum. (Lookout Records, 3264 Adeline St., Berkeley, CA 94703)

My personal fave this month is San Diego's most misunderstood malcontents, **THE LOCUST**. They win top prize for the shortest songs of sci-fi thrash coupled with the longest titles to describe them, e.g. "Alas Here Come The Hypochondriacs To Wait with You In

game gone horribly wrong—the soundtrack to my video nightmares. (Gold Standard Laboratories, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177)

I would sleep a lot better at night playing **THE HORIZONTALIST** before bedtime, visions of old 70s European soft-core flicks (as the song "Sudden Death Overtime" demonstrates), dancing through my head, performed by Stereolab



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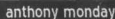


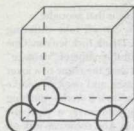
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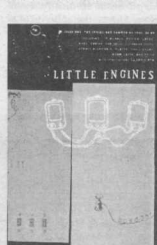
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zines : bleek

Another month of post "attack-on-democracy" living. How wonderful it is to see how the corporations are not letting the tens of millions, No, they're fighting evil by getting good, God-fearing, patriotic North Americans to get out there and buy stuff (or in some cases, like the airline industry, getting governments to bail their asses out). I certainly hope you are not falling behind in this regard. You've seen the ads, right? It's time to prove your loyalty to the capitalist system by doing your part to fight the enemies of freedom. Buy something! Here's where I tie this in with the article; since one of the main reasons for setting-up camp on these shores (killing perhaps millions of the previous inhabitants and starting the whole revolution thing) was to have the option of a "free press," it's our patriotic duty to go out and buy zines! May I suggest a few....

While I usually try to stay from any glossy material, I have to say a little something about *LITTLE ENGINES* issue #1,

which comes to us from our American pals in Seattle. This is



in the digger form like *The Bigger and Hermann*, and it offers many of the fictional and odds-and-ends inclusions that said periodicals sport, but with some familiar Puget-sounding names—Jim Munroe, for instance, has been writing for Seattle publications for some time. He's the author of the lauded book *Angry Young*

Spaceman and runs the No Media Kings website. Damien Jurado has been doing home recording, writing and whatnot. In *Little Engines* he donates some of the transcribed messages he's found on recycled answering machine recordings. Nice stuff. Included also are comics by Zak Sally and Al Barian, other articles by David Drury, Gerald Beckman, Susannah Felts, Adam Voith, and Andy Jenkins that make *Little Engines* one of the most welcome new reads this year. Evidently issue #2 is available now also.

The much anticipated *TURF* #5 (1125 Pacific Drive, Delta, BC V4M 2K2) zine/chapbook is now available. Once again Andrea, Joe, Randal, Barb, et al, fill up this "bedside companion" with fascinating ideas and opinions. In response to last issue's "Pension Plan," an incensed reader writes a windy rant concerning the corruption of such brainstorming. I'm sure if we were to go back in time and tell a caveman that, one day, someone would work

through the better part of their day to receive round metal objects and pieces of paper to trade for things they could have spent a couple hours hunting for.... Oh well. Some folks have to spread the discomfort they feel to the next batch of poems. There's also an interesting piece on Canadian Tire money as a viable currency (I never realized!) and a biting commentary on the evils of managers: "At most jobs, managers just like to keep track of who came in 10 minutes late that morning." (Thankfully the managers where I work are saints, okay?) Anyway, all that and more in this beautiful little publication.

Turf held its fifth birthday party at Ms. T's on the 6th of October [see show review] and hosted a fine zine display area where folks could flaunt their publications. I picked up *BUTTERFLY DREAMS—A BOOK OF DREAMS* (Pregnant Embryo Productions, Box 694, 185-911 Yates St., Victoria, BC V8V 4Y9) and was much entertained by the lovely comics, and a few written pieces, all based on dreams by the artists. Scenarios appear and re-form as only dreams can, in very surreal ways. It's one of the weird things about being human, I guess, understanding that another's dreams are nearly impossible to fathom or control. Here's a big compilation of those nocturnal visions set to comic and type. Mind bending,

but a better listing of those involved might have been a good thing.

A fun little indie product called *RENF* (rentmag-



zine@hotmail.com) issue #2, is subtitled "The Story Issue." The stories are clicked-out on a typewriter, errors included and white-out avoided, just x's over the fuck-ups. And the tales? Not bad at all. Stylish, low-fi comics are plentiful and amusing too. It's always a good thing whenever someone takes the time to make themselves the media.

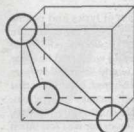
The same can be said of the small and spotty little zine called *STABBED IN THE FRONT* (stabbeditinthe@frontmail.com). Former issues have shown some humble potential but issue #4 takes on a decidedly odd structure, acquiring all its contents from email. Apparently anyone I would urge anyone considering a zine

project to cover what you are passionate about. If you build it, they will come. Just have some tenses nearby.

Here's a weird phenomenon: A zine that has been on hiatus for six to seven years but raises its fierce noggin once more. *ADVERSE EFFECT* (PO Box 63, Herne Bay, Kent, CTU 6YU England) Volume 2, #4 was released last year but is making it to local shelves at present. If you like your music and media coverage highly independent, honestly vicious, and generously compiled, you should grab this up. Editor Richo and a group of cohorts deliver what I could compare to a hybrid of zines like *Polemia*, *Tristep*, *Angry Theatre*, and *Negative Capacity*. This issue includes Mr. Brinkman of Kompakt label/shop/distribution, Finland musician Elektrover, Noise makers Contrastate, and an informative piece on the UK's Holland.

Thanks for reading, or am I being presumptuous? I'm starting work on a new *Speck* fanzine soon, so some good contributions are welcome. Tell me something about your favourite pet. You can contact me at speckfanzine@yahoo.com for just about anything since I know just about everything, of course. Remember that I'm way more patriotic than any of you assholes too, so get out of my country.

Cheers. *



kill your boyfriend

comic reviews : robin

THE SYSTEM

Peter Kuper (Vertigo)
Back in 1997 Vertigo published a three-issue miniseries by Peter Kuper called *The System*. When I first saw it I marvelled at its beauty and was surprised by its violent honesty.

Reading *The System* now is like a familiar nightmare. If you haven't read it yet, you need to be schooled. "The System" referred to is the cyclic route of life, as well as the system money creates. Each panel has a clue relating to another part of the story. A camera follows each person after every encounter, à la *Slacker*. A screaming face becomes the gaping entrance to the subway. A spinning Saturn becomes a dying man's eyes.

Kuper creates these seemingly unrelated tableaux to be scrutinized and explored. The great thing is that they are all loosely related. A couple of underlying story lines dominate throughout—a murder mystery and a political scandal, to name a few. It's the modern reworking of Will Eisner's *New York*,

resplendent with strippers, gumshoes, suits, and skaters. The story lines weave and mingle, culminating in one big crash: it's the only way for the



system to stop. It's engrossing, fluid, and everyone gets their just desserts in the city that never sleeps.

Kuper, as an artist, is quite versatile. From scratch board to airbrush, it's all very vivid, which is perfect, because *The System* has no dialogue. The art

is intricate and detailed. The cover is a perfect example: it's chockablock with hidden design and symbols. You stare, immersed in one state, only to find your eyes travelling to another bit of the puzzle. Like a well-running system, all things are presented as being in perfect balance.

The art is chaotic yet refined, soft and furious, explosive, concise, and tempered. Kuper is conducting a symphony. He also uses every possible visual aid to get his message across. Symbols weigh heavy, broadcast with media familiarity. Newspaper clippings and money fly. Tattoos and graffiti segue into each other. With the intensity of a modern day war poster, Kuper's *The System* is iconoclastic and utterly stunning. Though it's all been said and done before in this day and age, I find that Kuper does it with grace. Yes, this is a slice of New York living, but the story could've been anywhere at anytime. Kuper's telling of it is a work of art that slips in under the radar and should not be forgotten.

FORMS STRETCHED TO THEIR LIMITS: JACK COLE AND PLASTIC MAN

Art Spiegelman and Chip Kidd

(Chronicle)

I gotta say, this book is a true comic fan's wet dream from its colourful side down to its unorthodox plastic covers.

From experience I know



(Ever so durable, and a tribute to the protagonist, doncha know.) Initially upon seeing this book, I didn't simply like it—I lusted for it.

Forms Stretched to Their

Limits is a history and critique of Plastic Man and the man behind him, Jack Cole. (Plastic Man was a comic book superhero that Cole used to challenge the genre in the '30s.) Written by Pulitzer Prize winner Art Spiegelman and designed by Chip Kidd, this book is stunning.

From experience I know

that Spiegelman is a writer to be trusted. The book is informative, fun, critical and interesting. Spiegelman doesn't pander to anyone, telling the story from all sides. It's also hard not

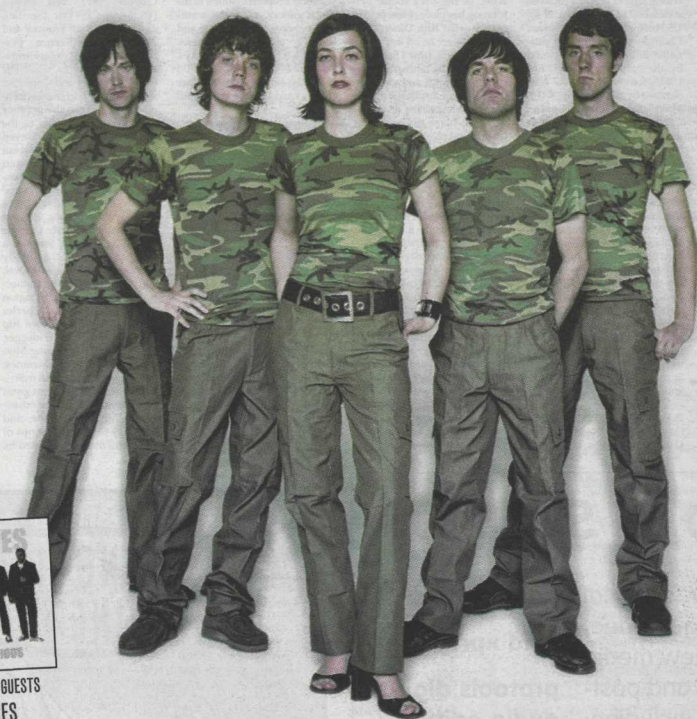
to get caught up in his writing style. Spiegelman has a genuine love of Plastic Man and his wonder and excitement about the art is contagious. Every design element in this book has been carefully calculated. It's the genius of Chip Kidd. This is a gorgeous book.

There are almost complete reprints of impossible-to-find *Plastic Man* issues in breathtaking full colour. I'm a sucker for books that have a lot of visuals to back up what they're talking about. Plastic Man is an interactive, bombastic, crazy, goofy, wacky, silly, fly-all-over-the-place kind of guy and you need to see every little detail to feel it. With Kidd's design savvy this book all but knocks you over.

I really enjoyed this book because I didn't really know much about Cole to begin with. So it was like, "Yay! Something new to learn about and ooooooh look, it's so pretty." This book was completely enjoyable on all levels, much like *Plastic Man*.

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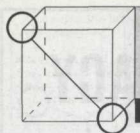
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What [the US is] responding to is not September 11th, but the beginning of a permanent and precipitous decline in worldwide oil production, the beginning of a deep and protracted worldwide recession, and the unraveling of the Empire. —Stan Goff, US Special Forces Master Sergeant (Ret'd).

THOBANI, AL-JAZEERA, AND THE TRUTH

The US media machine switches into high gear. OBL's broadcasts are now edited or pulled, for reasons of "national security," and the US moves to knock out the remaining media outlet in the Middle East, Qatar's Al-Jazeera, the only news agency to scoop footage from inside Afghanistan. Not to mention the recent raids on Infocom, a Texas ISP for Muslim and Palestinian websites and charities. An FBI spokeswoman: "We're hoping to find evidence of criminal activity." Hiding in desperate abandon at the prospect of an enemy, drooling over Anti-Terrorist legislation so broad that, as one Arab-American said last week, "Simply giving blankets to the

wrong kind of hospital could be a violation of the law." And so, US Foreign Policy expert Noam Chomsky and Middle East journalist Robert Fisk are ignored by the corporate media, and UBC's Sunera Thobani is condemned by all those Bos (With Their Toys), from Gordon Campbell to Vancouver Sun journalist Pete McMartin. Thobani is right: The Marxists say this war is the continuing destruction of global imperialism, but what is missing from the standard Leftist analysis are the patriarchal structures at work on all sides, from the violently repressive Taliban to the phallic anger of the West, replete with the World's Greatest Ball Licking Competition. (Who Can Suck Dubya Best?) Biohazard, indeed. It's a battle of cum-shots, where every sticky dose brings not life, but death. War becomes the ultimate one-shot orgasm. Spread your lips for the anthrax, baby.

DAWN AT THE FITT

Open Cities at the Helen Pitt Gallery became a contest of

wills. In the back room, performing her piece *clown*, performance artist Kim Dawn sings over and over an off-key rendition of "Every Time I See You," surrounded by embarrassingly personal photos and video-art of a makeup application gone berserk, whereas the rest of the gallery is home to *Open Cities*, featuring suave contemporary minimalist paintings with heavy post-structural explanation. The battle between the curator and Dawn's friend erupts out back, each arguing the merits of the performance's necessity to stop as it is "making people uncomfortable" versus the artist's integrity to drag it out as long as possible. The curator makes the call, and asks Dawn to stop. She does. The problem is two-fold. 1. The gallery is too small for a loud performance artist and paintings that desire conversation: the curator should have realized this from the beginning. 2. What's so wrong with making people a little uncomfortable? Dawn's performance was evocative, edgy, and cause for greater discussion than *Open*

Cities. Perhaps this was the real problem: Dawn was getting all of the attention instead of headliner Sara Graham, whose detailed line drawings and pantone paintings spoke less than the artist's statement. Meanwhile, a lowered skatemobile spins into the back parking lot, the hooded brothers hop out, beers in hand, to see Andrew Dadson's *Stylotech* exhibit in the back gallery, a.k.a. the wash-room, home to a silver tag and backlit tagger paint pens. "That's it?" one of them says, "You're in the washroom?" I'd have the same response. Better off to keep tagging trains and



Kim Cascone @ Refrains by Tanya G.

buildings (check out the alley behind the Sugar Refinery for some amazing work) than to attempt to get a good spot in a gallery (long live Basquiat and Futura). Until Nov. 10th @ 882 Homer.

REFRAINS: PEOPLE PEOPLE

Refrains: Music Politics Aesthetics
On September 29th drew out the masses to absorb talks on contemporary electronic music and politics as well as hear the sounds of the future. Brave post-ravers mixed coffee with weathered academics at 8am, Green College at UBC, a little out of their element; later, the tables were flipped as Kim Cascone (SF), Ben Neville (Victoria), Cid+Eric (Seattle), and locals Jovian Francy and Artificial Intelligence performed live sonic experimentation at the Video In, while Djs Tobias (yes, me) and Construct showed that experimental techno-electro shit can also get your groove on. Highlights of the day's talks included Steven Shavino (UW) taking on lesbian Björk-bots, Michael Jarrett (Penn State) discussing Plastikman and trains in the same breath, *Disorder's* own Steve DiPasquale dropping the Live on everyone (with Mr. Cascone saying he will cite Steve in a new paper!), SFU's Brady Cranfield dialecting with Oval, Chris Lee making the connections between Duke Ellington and Paul Gilroy, Charles Mudele throwing down hip hop, pleasure, and Heidegger, Janne VanHenen mixing Mix-master Mike with rhizomes, and general mayhem all over— not to mention the op-art green vinyl floor and furniture extravaganzas of Trina Lindo, and line-drawing Ample Lamps of Olo J Milkman at the Video In.

CLONING BAUDRILLARD
Around 600 people showed up to see Jean Baudrillard speak at Emily Carr in a classroom that only held 150. While I appreciate Emily Carr and the Charles H Scott gallery's efforts to bring in one of the world's foremost postmodernists, the absolute shortsightedness in not finding a larger venue is inexcusable. Lesson learned: despite all the pragmatic-school cynicism of postmodernism in the North American academy, the kids know what's up—people like Baudrillard described what is occurring now 30 years ago. (But that doesn't mean they've actually read anything by him. A quick survey showed that out of ten people, only one could name a single text by Baudrillard.) In any case, power to the shit-disturbers who rapped on the big folding doors that could have been opened to let the people hear Jean. The "fire regulations" excuse was poor and nonsensical, and I'm glad a little postmodern ironic juxtaposition threw off the opening remarks.

ANDREW DUKE: Whoops I fucked up in my "Andrew Duke Ducks It Out" interview. 1. He's the Program Director, and not Station Manager, at CKDU Halifax. 2. He's still single, girls/guys, and not married. So go get 'em. 3. He's a midget. Until the margins marginalize the majority! *

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by Jane Srisarakorn and James Squeaky

31knots

31 Knots holds the distinct privilege of being the first band that has completely blown me away by their live performance. I was awestruck by their ability to maintain an intensity that never turns snugg, despite their skillful and prolific musicianship. The jazz-like tempo and meter changes in their music are an impossible puzzle; they drove me insane. There is a healthy dose of numerical fingling, a pinch of darkness, and a splash of stark expression. Their previous, self-released album, Climax | Anti Climax, collected songs that they recorded at various times over a one year period. Their latest work includes the Rehearsal Dinner EP on Fiftyfourtyfourlight and a full length, A Word is Also a Picture of a Word, is forthcoming.

Tying
it all
Together
With 31
Knots



DISCORDER: What stage of production are you at with the forthcoming EP?

Joe H: Pretty much just overdubs, which we're doing next week. We're going to have a bunch of friends record stuff over what we have. We all agree we want to make it bigger than just our live show. We have had ideas for other instruments that we just can't do with three people live.

Like keyboards?

Joe H: Some keyboards.

Joe K: Horns. Violin. Cello.

Jay: Maybe cello.

Joe H: Who "maybe cello"? [Laughs.]

Joe K: Um, Sam.

Jay: It's such an ambitious project, it's fucking hard to bring it all together.

Joe H: Especially when you're broke. We've been taking our time, and it's been really nice to space out the recording, even if it's because we have no money. We'll record two days, then a month later, record for another day. One day in between, we've mixed down some of the first stuff that we did, and we decided that a couple of the songs didn't turn out, so we re-recorded them. But it's to the point now that we're just antsy.

Joe K: Right. We have a back-catalog of over 30 songs now, and so it's like, "What the hell?" you know? It's so irritating.

WHY JOE PLAYS HIS GUITAR WAY UP HERE

Why do you play with your guitar way up here? Is it just more comfortable?

Joe H: It's sort of because I used to and still play a lot of stuff on acoustic guitar, so I just got used to that. And actually, to be completely honest, I was a heavier kid. I had this super heavy cheap guitar, and the way it clung on me, the straps would pull my shirt. It made me feel weird about my weight. But mainly it is leftover from playing that acoustic guitar, and getting so used to it. When Jay and I started writing more stuff...

Joe K: ...you were stacked.

Joe H: I was stacked. I had boobs.

SEMANTICS

What is the songwriting process like for you guys? How does it work?

Joe H: Before Joe [K] played with us, it was definitely more me writing the songs. Over time, Jay and I started writing stuff together. Since Joe started playing in the band, it's been more of all of us writing together. There's the occasional song where I'll explain to the band, "I really like this song as it is." It's hard though. We're really accustomed, I think, to all the songs being pretty equal.

Are the lyrics kind of secondary?

Joe H: They're secondary in the step, the process, but not necessarily in importance. The way I used to write a long time ago, I definitely had a—once we released something—an old, old thing we

did. Listening to it recently, I was really kind of embarrassed, because I was young and... I don't know...

Emo?

Joe H: [Laughs] Yeah! In a bad way. For awhile, lyrics were kind of on the back burner. That's the thing that frustrates me about the whole math rock tag. Math rock seems to indicate that it's just the music, and the words are just something to fill the void. "We should have words here, just for the sake of words." That's why it's sometimes hard for me to get into a lot of math rock. Sometimes there's parts that I come up with and Joe and Jay will want to do half the length that I want to do, but I wrote words to accompany it—I guess I grow attached to it and I don't want to just hack it apart.

Jay: And then it develops into this big fist fight, and we kick the shit out of him.

Joe H: "But this is my magnum opus!"

Jay: "Fuck your magnum opus!"

What are your lyrics usually about?

Joe H: The thing that bothered me so much about writing words and looking back on them was sometimes how blatant I would make things. I began realizing how self-involved and melodramatic it was. Now I just take a feeling and create a secret language out of it. Not so that people don't understand it, but so that it will be more universal. That also lets the message be felt in the music. The words might not necessarily carry what it's about. It sounds so fucking...

Jay: Pretentious?

Joe H: And cliché. But I just have a tension burner. I'm trying to be ultra sincere about things. This being the last frontier of sincerity and seriousness for me, maybe? I can't write funny music for the band. But you know...

...you don't want to indict someone either. If you have a failed love affair, and want to write about it, you don't want the person to know exactly what you're writing about.

Joe H: Yeah. Sometimes singing about the exact event that happened in your life is just redundant and not that big of a deal. If you take the time to put it in the context of a larger paradigm, it can reach people. I don't want to alienate people with words. I don't want to write stuff that I feel has been said a million times. Because it's all been said, but you can at least try to do it differently. On our last album, I just wish we could have included the lyrics in the album. I don't like to mix words super up-front, but I don't like it when you can't hear it either.

IN A POLITICAL FASHION

How do you guys feel about bands that have a political agenda and their cause comes before their music?

Joe K: I think that's all fine and good, and very roots-sensible, but unfortunately it's become a fashion trend for hardcore kids. Just like any other trend in music, I don't really buy it anymore. If there are people that do buy it, then more power to them.

Jay: Personally, I'm not that worldly-minded or political enough to necessarily care. It sounds callous and ridiculous but...

The thing that really bothers me about it is that it just seems really pretentious and bands will use it as "This is our activism."

Joe: Yeah, it's esoteric, you know?

Yeah: You're not really doing anything. You're just performing for a bunch of kids.

Jay: It's the whole idea of, if you're reaching a larger audience and making a difference, then, theoretically, you're doing good. But... I don't know.

Joe K: Not to mention that you're usually preaching to the converted, which really is the point. They want to get a positive response. Jay: Just self-contained ideology or something.

Joe H: It's feeding into this mentality that everyone in the audience already believes. It boosts everyone's egos. There's definitely a small percentage of people who are oblivious to this factor and champion a cause because they really do believe it.

Joe K: That number is just so small.

Well, like Rage Against the Machine. Some kids out there who had never thought about these things before are gonna see it and get into it.

Jay: Or Marilyn Manson: the backwoods kid in Nebraska who's gay and considered a weirdo and doesn't have any other outlet. Marilyn Manson might be his only link to any freakish subculture thing, even though he's a trite piece of crap.

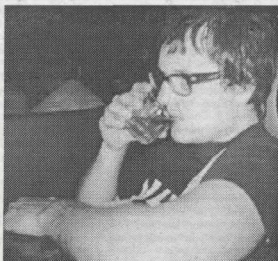
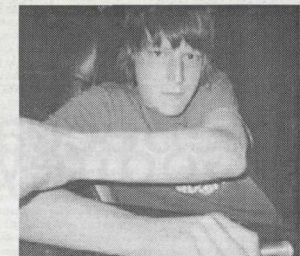
Joe H: Marilyn Manson or the kid?

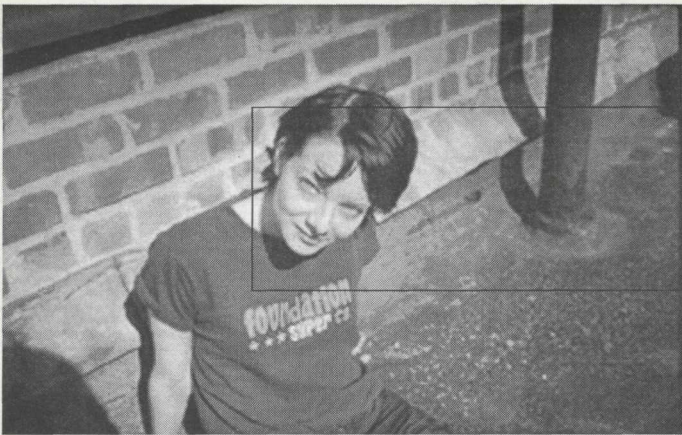
Jay: It's a messy subject.

Joe H: It's something that has been on my mind—the politics to everything, you know? Not just world politics or United States politics. The politics of indie rock makes me sick sometimes. It claims to be all-encompassing, but there are these little rules that you have to secretly abide by.

Jay: And that's another universal theme—that just extends in every facet of life. Even more fucking depressing.

Joe H: "Because I want the indie rock bubble to be perfect!" •





Rebecca Godfrey

By Doretta Lau

Lately, I have been lamenting the state of women's writing in Canada. It's not that there isn't a wealth of novels, short stories, and poetry by women. It's just that many women are writing on really banal, anti-feminist topics that claim to be "the woman's experience" and "feminist." I'm tired of the critics and professors who hold these books up as literature and tell me that this is a shared experience. (I don't need to read another book where the female character is going through a bad divorce, but finds herself sleeping with her ex-husband and hates herself for it. The women and men I surround myself with never act according to these prescribed gender roles. I'm tired of "woman equals weak" and "men equals exploitative jerk.")

Enter Rebecca Godfrey and her first novel, *The Torn Skirt*. Godfrey, daughter of Dore Godfrey (House of Anansi founder) and Ellen Godfrey (respected mystery writer), wanted to write about the Canada that "Can Lit" didn't cover. The world of *The Torn Skirt* is a world that Victoria tries to repress. There are high school rapists, stoners, teenage prostitutes, runaways, and young girls in detention centres. As well, there is no line drawn between "culture" and "popular culture." The two co-exist, because that's how it is in life. Our so-called "popular" culture is what we know and it is no better or worse than ballet and afternoon tea. Godfrey sums it up best on her website: "A good thing about being raised by artists or writers is that you don't see 'culture' as something in museums or the CBC. It's just something you can do yourself."

The protagonist in *The Torn Skirt* is a teenage girl named Sara, but this coming-of-age tale doesn't involve topics such as "my first period" or "my first crush." Instead, Godfrey covers the territory usually reserved for male protagonists and male experience. Sara meets girls who can pick locks and rob joints. Sara herself is wanted by police for questioning. There are no "why am I not from queen?" and "does he like me?" self-esteem issues here. Godfrey is aware that there are greater questions that need answering.

When I approached her for an email interview and told her it was for *Discorder*, she wrote back to tell me that she liked *CITR* and *Narduar*. On her website, she reveals that when she moved to New York at 21, she "thought all the boys would like me" (Thurston Moore). It's safe to say, Rebecca Godfrey is cool, and her book lives up to expectation.

DISORDER: When did you start writing *The Torn Skirt*?

Rebecca Godfrey: About five years ago.

What prompted you to begin a novel?

Rebecca Godfrey: Insanity. High hopes.

What was the process like?

Rebecca Godfrey: It was pretty rough. I have bad work habits.

Do you write everyday? What's your routine like?

Rebecca Godfrey: I don't have a routine. You always read about writers who work strictly from 6:00 in the morning until 1:00 or whatever, but I definitely do not have that kind of discipline. I just procrastinate a lot and then force myself to stay at home and miss parties. I heard you wrote about four novels worth of material before you hit the right tone and voice for the novel. Is that true?

Rebecca Godfrey: Yeah, I wanted to have a main character I liked, and it took me a while to do that because I had to let go of having the more traditional type of narrator, and instead, let myself have a girl who is kind of fucked up and out of control. It also took me a while to find the drama. I wanted her to be constantly tempted, to be in situations that were loaded or precarious, but also realistic. When I found that those were, I censored myself because I knew what tends a girl

like her might turn off the sensible reader. I could hear this imaginary reader saying, "she shouldn't do that," but after a while, I just stopped caring about the sensible reader and let her have her way. She's moving really fast; she's not the kind of girl who spends a lot of time contemplating in her bedroom, so to keep that kind of energy, to keep the book fast and quick, I ended up tossing a lot of pages.

What do you have to say to critics who think that the protagonist of *The Torn Skirt*, Sara, is too naïve to be believable?
Rebecca Godfrey: I haven't heard that. Do you think she's too naïve?
No. I remember being very trusting at that age. I was with Sara the whole way through the novel and thought you did a great job with her voice and the tone of the novel. Why did you choose to write about a teenage girl?

Rebecca Godfrey: It's an interesting time because everything that happens to you really matters. Every person you meet is really important. They have the potential to completely change you. You think you know it all, and you don't really know it all, and that creates a lot of potential for mayhem and peril. I also just found most books with young girls are pretty lame and off-base.

In your novel, the kids have titles like "Burnout." How would you describe your high school self?

Rebecca Godfrey: I thought I was Hardcore. Punk. But, really, I was probably more of a timid little goth girl. I wore a lot of black eyeliner and wrote painfully bad poetry.

I see from your author's photo that you've renounced the black eyeliner. Do you still write poetry?

Rebecca Godfrey: No, I renounced the poetry as well.

What bands were you listening to in high school?

Rebecca Godfrey: By Grade 12 I discovered The Birthday Party, Pussy Galore, X, stuff like that. I was obsessed with Sonic Youth.

Did you ever wear Love's Baby Soft? Do you wear it now?

Rebecca Godfrey: I think I might have worn it when I was 12. I entered the "Be Miss Love's Baby Soft" contest—the prize was an all-expense paid trip to New York City. I didn't win. A girl in my book is addicted to it. She drinks it like poison.

What did the contest involve? An essay detailing the greatness of the product, or just a draw at random?

Rebecca Godfrey: It was strictly based on photos. An essay would have been good. I might have had a chance.

Where was your author's photo taken? I like the any-city feel it has to it.

Rebecca Godfrey: My best friend took it this summer on a roof, in the Lower East Side. The hot or not section: Tell us whether the following items are hot or not. You can even tell us why, if you wish. All of the following appear in *The Torn Skirt*.

ACDC—Mildly hot back in the day. Not hot now.

Trans Am (the car, not the band)—Not hot.

Leonard Cohen's Beautiful Losers—Very hot, always hot, forever hot.

Chateaufort—Hot. If you're looking for a casserole recipe.

Hammer of the Gods—Not finished it. It scared me.

Princess Diana—No comment.

Wonder Bread—Not hot. No protein.

Charlie's Angels (the TV show)—Not hot. Except for brief Tanya Roberts interlude.

Happy Days—Not hot. Except for brief Pinky Tuscanerino interlude.

Christian Hosoi—(The skater, I added this one) Hot. Except now he's in jail for smuggling speed.

Cutex Quick and Gentle—Hot. Just cause I like those two words together: quick and gentle.

Seventeen—Not hot. See *The Torn Skirt* pg. 88.

Maybelline—Hot in heavy doses only.

Led Zeppelin—Unfortunately, undeniably hot.

Who or what do you find influential?

Rebecca Godfrey: Chan Marshall (Cat Power), Denis Johnson, Jane Eyre, Jean Rhys, some bratty boys I knew and know.

What is about Jane Eyre that you find influential? Do you mean the book or the character?

Rebecca Godfrey: The character, especially the first chapter. Considering when that book was written, it's pretty radical. She's so fierce and unwanted. She's like the OC orphan girl.

What are you reading right now?

Rebecca Godfrey: Detective novels.

Current ones or old school noir titles like *The Maltese Falcon*?
Rebecca Godfrey: Old school. Like Chandler and Simenon.

Name a few of the last albums you bought.

Rebecca Godfrey: *The Red Thread*—Arab Strap, *White Blood Cells*—The White Stripes. Did *The White Stripes* album live up to expectation?

Rebecca Godfrey: Yup. I like it a lot.

What was the last movie that you saw?

Rebecca Godfrey: *Band of Outsiders*—Godard gangster film.

When the Converse warehouses shut down, did you have to find a new shoe to support?

Rebecca Godfrey: I don't support shoes.

How long have you lived in New York?

Rebecca Godfrey: Seven years.

Are there any local bands that you're really into?

Rebecca Godfrey: In NYC? I like seeing Cat Power play. There's all these bands now that are kind of fashion-art-rock and play galleries, like ARE

Weapons and Fischer-Spooner. They're okay.

What was the Creative Writing Program at Sarah Lawrence like?

Rebecca Godfrey: They have been bag chairs in the library. It was a good school. I found there was a subtle pressure to write or copy the "well-crafted" short story, the New Yorker, Raymond Carver kind of stuff. I like stuff that's unrulier and dirtier; I don't really want to read or write something I've read a hundred times before... stories about housewives and adultery. Still, I learned a lot.

I'm relieved that you didn't feel the pressure to write like Carver or explore lame topics. What's your next project? I read that you were either finishing or finished a non-fiction book on Reena Virk.

Rebecca Godfrey: Yeah, I'm working on that now. It's not all about Reena Virk particularly, more about the milieu of those kids who got involved in what turned out to be a murder, and the police investigation and capture, and then the trials.

What makes you angry?

Rebecca Godfrey: I'm not really that angry anymore. I used to be angry about everything. I think writing the novel was cathartic because Sara is angry all the time, and to get into her head, I had to constantly psych myself up into that "fuck-you" mode. I probably worked out my own anger issues that way.

How did September 11 affect you?

Rebecca Godfrey: I heard the streets of New York silent for the first time. •

In July, I had the pleasure of interviewing Dr. Shiva, a quantum physicist turned ecologist and winner of the Alternative Nobel Prize Award (The Right Livelihood Award, 1993), to find out more about the impact biotechnology is having on traditional and sustainable farming practices. Dr. Shiva traces the origin of biotech patents to Pope Alexander VI. His 1493 "Bull of Donation" granted ownership and control of non-Christian lands to the Catholic Church. According to Dr. Shiva the Church acted out of extreme arrogance and societal desperation in response to the depletion of European resources. "No society that lives with justice, that lives with sustainability has to create the kind of project of colonization that Europe had to in that period," states Dr. Shiva. This pattern is being repeated today by many multinational corporations through WTO treaties.

Europe's need to colonize non-Christian countries arose from the pre-existing colonization of their own resource base and the people who cared for it—women. Traditionally, it was women who held the knowledge of the environment how to use it and how to care for it. But this power was seen as a threat to the Church. "It was a culture that had put a handful of men in such situations of absolute, irresponsible power that they could construct whatever excuse they wanted to. They could find any learned woman... declare her a witch and get away justifying it in terms of religion," states Dr. Shiva. Today a similar perception of outspoken scientists is carried out under the name of corporate science.

Dr. Shiva feels that to accomplish change today we must undo the three colonizations: the colonization of Nature; the colonization of women; and, the colonization of the Third World. She argues that we must create a "new ecological pact with the Earth," and Nature, a pact enriched with the knowledge of indigenous peoples and ancient relationships. She also believes the reversal of the colonization of women is essential to realign our economic values toward those of sharing rather than plundering. "For all the historical periods where women were left to look after sustenance, they are the ones where we really have an economy of well-being still maintained."

Finally, Dr. Shiva points out that "the Third World colonization cannot be undone by sucking in the last remaining resources of the Third World into world markets. To really decolonize the Third World includes beginning with the people of the Third World and their needs, their cultures, their philosophies, and their values." Dr. Shiva argues that in most cases, the ways of Third World peoples are founded in connectivity and their "universe is the creation of the Supreme Power meant for the benefits of all."

Dr. Shiva believes in the interconnectedness of all things. In her writing she quotes the *Taittiriya Upanishad*: Whatever exists on earth is born of *anna* [food], lives on *anna*, and in the end merges into



anna. "I personally feel that [the Upanishads] are very, very important because the core of India has been the care of a mode of non-violent thinking. A deep connectedness where the human species is not more privileged than the rest of Nature. We are all part of One. The highest human evolution is to live within limits. The less you consume the more sophisticated you become."

Although remonstrated by scientific peers for her outspoken beliefs, she intends to go on quoting these works. "You cannot do good science without doing good philosophy... every inspiration, whether it is of Bohr or of Einstein came from connecting to a deeper philosophical level. You cannot have good ways of living in the world without a good arrangement in your head about the place of every being." Dr. Shiva argues that our fear of spirituality combined with our worship of technology and commerce has led to many of today's destructive practices. "We need to have a far deeper spiritual grounding and Gandhian politics are very spiritual," states Dr. Shiva.

Today's biotechnology industry claims food biotechnology is essential if we are to feed our growing population. Robert Shapiro, CEO of Monsanto states, "There is a need for agricultural productivity... to double... so I think this is unequivocally a good product." According to Dr. Shiva the current paradigm of biotechnology is too mechanistic and reductionist to be used even as a starting point for discussion of humanitarian issues. "It begins with the assumption that genes create organisms, which is not true, and then it goes on to say that genetic modification is the solution to everything. It is false with respect to the objects which it is dealing with. Which are not just objects alone, they are also subjects."

In our discussion, Dr. Shiva points out several alarming indicators of the degradation of traditional and sustainable agriculture in India. Local food production is unable to compete with subsidized food imports to the degree that India now imports traditionally grown crops from Canada. As a result, "our farmers are committing suicide. Our poor people are already literally dying of starvation... because the national laws and policies that created obligations of the state to ensure that food reaches everyone are now being dismantled under World Bank policy," she explains.

Dr. Shiva advocates self-governance in food production and opposes food subsidies. "Those subsidies are what are creating climate imbalance. They are creating destruction of livelihoods of farmers everywhere. They are creating food hazards. It is time to localize that which can and then have mutual partnerships of cooperation for that which we can't produce locally based on sustainability and justice. I don't think it takes too much effort to redesign the world away from the non-sustainability; injustice; disposability that the globalization model is based on. Because this model will devastate us, whether it is by making the poor starve, denying them their right to water, denying farmers the right to seed or just creating climate disasters of scales humanity cannot respond to."

Dr. Shiva follows in the footsteps of her spiritual namesake, Shiva the Transformer, with inspirational writings, speeches and actions. Her dream of having a non-violent, justice-based world for her "symbolic grandchildren around the world" to live in is truly a transformation worth seeking. "To me," she says, "spirituality is about connectedness. It is about relationships. It is about responsibility." •

With a brand new band, *Tomahawk*, a recent album with the popular *Fantomas*, and sundry rumours about other musical activities, Mike Patton seems to have ignored the conventions of what is supposed to happen to aging rockers. I sent him a batch of questions to satisfy my curiosity on certain topics, and he answered them promptly. The moral of the interview is to never trust what you read on the internet—it's always premature or wrong. DISORDER: The new *Fantomas* album was extremely successful, even reaching the Billboard 200... why do you think this album of soundtrack covers had such mass appeal?

Mike Patton: Not real sure. It has been more successful than we expected. The first one was too. I don't try to figure out why. We have toured quite a bit and I really think the chunk of people are looking for something different from what is shoved down their throats.

Would you be interested in scoring a movie someday?

Someday, when I slow down, if it was the right project.

Your new project with Dan the Automator seems like it may enjoy a lot of mainstream success... having been in a platinum band before (Faith No More, of course), how do you think a second bout of popular recognition will affect you, personally and musically?

First of all, I don't know what would make you think it will be a mainstream success. We have to record it first! [Note: bootlegs of early sessions that were illegally circulated earlier this year got a very favourable response from those who heard them. Internet rumour A] Secondly, I really don't think of success in commercial terms. As a matter of fact I think things are better for me right now than they have ever been. I'm in four full time bands that are each very different from the other.

Each Mr. Bungle album seems to have a distinct flavour and approach. Is there a conscious decision made to write in a certain format each time around, or is that just the way the band's musical tastes have developed during the four years that have separated each album?

It just happens, without much thought. We all trade tapes of ideas and melt them all together. Red House Painters frontman Mark Kozelek is thanked in the liner notes of Mr. Bungle's 1999 album *California*. Is he a friend of yours, or of someone else in the band? Any chance we'll see a Patton/Kozelek collaboration?

He helped out on the record. A friend of the bands'. No collaboration planned.

How do you, personally, pronounce *Fantomas*? I like to say it the French way.

I pronounce it many ways.

Your upcoming collaboration with the Dillinger Escape Plan is being eagerly anticipated by metal fans everywhere. What is it that attracted you to Dillinger? Will the album be released on your label, Ipecac?



First of all nothing is confirmed. [Note: I guess that was internet rumour B. But it was from the official Dillinger website. Hmm.] They asked if I would consider doing vocals on an EP with them. I said I would consider it. That is all so far. No idea when it would/could happen or what label it would be on. Very premature for that kind of talk. I love that band! They are great musicians and great guys. I'm sure if it does happen it will be a major label bidding war. It will probably be all pop songs!

Besides Dillinger, do you have any other favorite metal bands currently? Actually... while we're on the topic... I realize you probably get asked this question constantly, but what groups/artists in general are you listening to now?

I do hate this question. I listen to a lot. Sigur Ros, Sade, Melt Banana, Evron, Chicks on Speed, Bob Wills, etc. While you're still annoyed from that last question, I'll go ahead and ask another oft-repeated one... who are some of your influences, both on your composition and on your vocals?

You are on a creative roll!

Is your composition process solitary, or do ideas in your bands (Bungle, Tomahawk, Fantomas) get developed by a single member and get shown to the rest of the band as an almost complete product? Different bands that I am in work differently. Bungle is completely collaborative, Fantomas is mostly me, Tomahawk is mostly Duane. But the process changes from record to record.

At the recent *Fantomas* show in Vancouver, there was a "significant female presence." Has this been pretty standard around the world on this tour? It is strange to have a more balanced audience? In fact, does the audience at your shows matter to you at all or have any bearing on your performance?

Of course the audience matters!!!! Without an audience we would not tour. We love the ladies! Trevor is not married!!!!

There seems to be a pretty obvious connection between your enjoyment of noise music and your transformation of traditional word-based vocals to pure sound. Has this different approach to vocals changed your approach to lyric writing? Does the sound of a group of words take precedence over the literal meaning of the words?

Everything is based on sounds. Instruments make sounds, the voice is an instrument. Most times the music dictates what is needed. Sounds can convey feelings as easy as words. People are so used to being told how to feel through art. A lot of people feel the need to understand. I don't get that.

What do you do to insure that your range-stretching yelps and screams don't do any damage to your voice?

You have a new band, *Tomahawk*, which features the guitarist from the Jesus Lizard, bass player from the Melvins, and the drummer from Helmet. Along with playing with all the other bands we've mentioned, you're running the Ipecac label. Why so busy suddenly? Are these projects going to be continuing bands, or one-time ventures?

I am a multi tasker. You don't even know half of the projects I'm working on... project with DJ crew the X-cutioners; project with Massive Attack and a Prodigy people; etc. Plus I don't "run" the day to day business of the label, my partner/manager does. *Fantomas*, *Tomahawk*, *Peeping Tom* and Mr. Bungle are full time real bands. Staying busy is a lot more interesting than writing a book, for me. •

www.ipecac.com

[1] *Taking Seriously.* How do you correctly pronounce "Jetone"? There is no such correct pronunciation. Je'tone...jet-tone... I would go [j]gubh - Tone not "je'tone," that's how I conceptualized it in my braincase. I'm living in a French part of the world it's been adopted "Je'tone" more often. Yep. Does it mean anything? Ayah, it kind of had a play on words for me, jet tones and like sounds of like real loud noises and things like that. It was also kind of a rip-off from a film production company based out of Hong Kong. Is that Jet Li related at all? No, I think it is Wong Kar Wai's films. Something like that. Yeah.

[2] *Homo Poeta.* Your performance last night went through this whole mélange of sounds. I really felt a classical ambient influence in there. Do you have classical ambient vinyl lying around? My head is always in that space. You can give the obvious references to works like the classics in that genre like Aphex Twin's *Selected Ambient Works 85-98*, things like that. I'm more influenced by stuff lately like Gas... a lot more things with a texture to it and a lot more abrasive, like Christian Fenness, some of the Mego artists, and even old skool stuff I was into when I was a teenager like My Bloody Valentine... I strive for all those types of elements. I can't explain it really. Your performance was really neat; you started off with some beats, they were really well out, you did a couple of reverent techniques and drops with the beats, and then you sort of moved out of the beats and into ambient again. I got the feeling that instead of just working with a patch, I'm going to show you all of the places I can go, in terms of my releases and so on...

I kind of wanted to play a few tracks, instead of showcasing all of my styles, I wanted to do something a bit cohesive, and so what my live set ended up being was just loading a bunch of sound files, and I could drop them in and out and process them as I wanted, and I felt that these beat-oriented tracks were good for a little while, but that it was time to let it drop for about 20. I processed my way out of it, slowly... and then went left to empty for about 30 minutes, and just drifted out into ambient. I had a hard time, you know, basically figuring out whether I should put—what would be suitable—I didn't let it ride out for too long.

[4] *To Harm Stupidity.* I didn't see [Rechezentrum]. I was out in the lounge drinking. You get to a point in these festivals where you just don't care anymore about most of the artists. It's only Thursday! It's the second day... I know, but I have to save myself for the weekend—I've got a lot of priority, I thought Matmos was cute, but they had these sort of windows of improvisation, they had these pre-ordered parts that are basically—you could hear these flutes and saxophones, you could tell that these are samples that are done and pre-set and just loaded and ready to go. So it seemed like they had segments of improv and segments of pre-set programming. It worked nice, it was a "cute" kind of show, with all of their probes and cameras. So what does "cute" connote for you? "Cute"? Well, it's like a quirkiness, a playfulness that a lot of people don't have. Yep. Do you think that they are up there with Herbert? Do you place Herbert on a pedestal...? No, no, not at all. I find [Herbert's] philosophies about music completely outdated and boring and traditionalist. I don't listen to his music. I think he does nice "house" but I don't—dem-god? Not at all. I mean, it's more industry hype bullshit basically. That's just my opinion.

[5] *Being Profound and Seeming Profound.* If his philosophies [Dogme-style music making] are outdated, what would you say is an emergent philosophy that would make Herbert out of date? I don't know... that's a tough question... contending philosophy—but I don't like that's the one that ruled before. I don't know if you're familiar with his belief system, he has this doctrine of "You should use a sample once, you should never use it again." All of this, all of these ideas he puts out from what I have read are kind of futile gestures for some sort of purity. This is the idea that, pure samples: pure sounds, and I come at it from a completely opposite perspective. I assume that my samples are contaminated, and the more contaminated the better, the more filled with segments of memory, melodies, and bits of sounds from other pieces the better. I relate what I do to—I think Jackson Pollock did these inkblot paintings in which he... he had a stack of Japanese paper, and he threw ink over them and kept pulling them off, and each time he would start a new painting but would already have four previous works that would soak through. So each piece was contaminated by all of the other works. There was no isolated work that was pure, and removed in and of itself. So... I mean that would be the sort of rebuttal to that kind of idea. Does that make sense to you? It does quite a bit. I was very interested in that because everyone is all wanking off about his new—he is trying to make the musical equivalent to the Dogme-style of filmmaking. blab blab blab... It's total bullshit, to me. But, whatever. Everyone has their own way, it's good to have ideas about what you do, you know.

[8] *In Media Vita.* What do you think about Kid 606's comments about minimal techno being totally dead? He's trying to do minimal techno right now, he is trying to go in that direction, but I understand his sentiment, it is kind of cannibalizing itself right now. I don't really like minimal techno as a general blanket statement. There are particular artists which I like, Cologne [German] artists mostly. Most of it, I am not that into. Minimal to me equates being boring. [At this point, a vehicle cruises down Ste. Catherine playing loud "80s Glam Rock. We both look at the sunglasses dude who is YELLING along to the lyrics in leather with the top down. In Montreal, the '80s never died. I guess minimal techno plays in comparison with glam rock.] Man that guy is rocking. OK, Mille Plateaux, you were talking about Jackson Pollock, do you follow the theory behind that label, in terms of it being named after Deleuze and Guattari's book of the same name? Sure, I'm a student in critical theory. I've fully read all of [Deleuze's] essential works and I understand what Acham [Scheepmans, Mille Plateaux label founder] is writing about. Sometimes I disagree with certain things, but I think that ultimately what he is doing is a positive thing, trying to think about what is going on, and that is a good

[9] *Thoughts.* He is practical and, uh... He puts his rhizomatics into the real world and turns it into a moneymaking venture that keeps him well fed, I assume.

[10] *Are Fearless Ones.* And this is where I wanted to say something smart, to spark a good philosophical discussion, but right at the verge, BAM I am shut down. I begin telling him how awesome I am I was talking to Seth Horowitz, aka Sutekh, and how he has an upcoming album on Mille Plateaux. And so explain how I was talking to Sutekh about the philosophy, and how he hasn't read Deleuze and Guattari, and that he isn't really into it from that perspective. I wanted to know if Tim thought about these ideas while he was making music. Do you think about the deterritorialization of music and go, "Hm, I wonder what I can sort of do," in terms of the process of making music? Nope, not at all. It's not to say that that doesn't round-about affect you. It's not like you read a fucking book and think, "Okay, I want to do some fucking philosophy that relates to this chapter," it's just you've read it before and your brain has been altered by it, and it just kind of changes itself. It's like once you've read Nietzsche it's poisoned you forever. There's nothing you can do about that. You are tainted for good. And it's not like you are trying to make a track that sounds like *The Gay Science*. That would be retarded and it would be the biggest disingenuity you could do to Nietzsche. Nietzsche works within you. I respond to him that I get what he means. But secretly, in my head, I already am preparing the opening loops for a track called "2001: Of Tim Hecker."

[11] *In Favour of Criticism.* A friend of mine was saying that you don't even need to read Mille Plateaux, because you are already living it. Not! What, the book? Well, it's an indispensable text, it's such a relevant—to now, it's not the doctrine of exploration of all details on the Earth, but it's a great sort of life-guide. It's essentially a work of romantic mysticism—that's what it has been called—and I think that is true, and beautiful in a time when pragmatism has completely encapsulated the world. It's someone who dreams about other ways. And thinks of idea systems that can accommodate those thoughts. You can do it all you want, but it doesn't mean shit to me, basically [siren gets loud] and I think that's a positive thing.

[12] *What one should learn from artists.* Do you find your music approaching that possibility of escape, or opening up some sort of spaces, for that sort of thing? Well... not really. For me, it's just more of a meditative purpose. The music—cues clichés about, you know, affecting somebody—if it affects somebody, then that's good. I don't believe in doing just some cold noise that's completely machine-like. It's finding a balance between all of these things. You can't explain how you work. You just do it. You can try to explain in retrospect, thinking back and trying to analyse yourself, but, whatever.

[13] *The Madman.* That's pretty much what Matmos said to "Uh, whatever." Thanks, tobias. [Uh... whatever?] Out now: "Ultramarine" on Force Inc.; "Ginotopia" on Mezo 12, the Tigerbeetle compilation; an album on Alien8 will also be out soon; and some tracks for some Mille Plateaux compilations. Tim will be playing in Vancouver at the Video In on November 9th. Check www.shuribumie.com for more information.

by tobias v

photos by lori kiessling

[3] *Excelsior.* At this point the discussion gets technical and I ask Tim if he was using Logic Audio, a sequencing program environment, and he tells me yes, he was. "I had a whole chain of processing programs, like granular freezers and things like that, so it wasn't really just like playing tracks straight up." This allows Tim to be quite flexible in his live performance—an anomaly in electronic music. "I could drop things in and out, no problem. I could throw things in, throw things out. I could run basically on samples and the possibilities of sampling samples, and sample them continually, create these internal feedback loops, I could just play up what's been generated itself for 20 or 30 minutes. This begs the question of what he thinks about live versus non-live performances. Is it important for you that laptop performances are "live," or somewhat "live," these days? There seems to be a bit of debate, people are like, "Oh, they are just pressing play or watching their DAT or letting a sound file pre-ordered direction, but having said that, I kind of oscillate between it." It doesn't matter—you could just put on Chess Master and play chess—or, actually have a real live performance. There is just so much in between the complete chaotic... if you leave a set that is just completely left to improvisation, there's the likelihood it is going to sound like shit, because you can't do what you want to do. It is such an abstract concept, [my live set] is partly based on a rehearsal, pre-ordered direction, but having said that, there is just a wide open margin of interpretation that allows the way I set up my live set. You can tell people's live sets that are just pressing play, muting and unmuteing loops, I think it is absolutely boring. It's a terrible thing to see and I despise most "live" electronic shows because of that. It bores me to no end. Yep. Last night there was Matmos, and Rechezentrum. So what did you think of Matmos vs. Rechezentrum? One that was quite live—Matmos—and one that was a DAT—Rechezentrum.

[6] *Herd Instinct.* Do you feel that there is an energy in Montreal right now? I come from Vancouver, and there is nothing going on like this. I grew up in Vancouver, and I kind of left, but I stayed here because of that reason, things were happening... there is an infrastructure that supports that here, whereas in Vancouver there is nothing [Maybe now, after Refrains and New Forms, things will change—tc]. You go to a festival like this, you see artists, who are incredible, and instead of seeing some dude who is playing on some bullshit rave machine, it sounds terrible—you think OK, I can do something better than that, and it is incrementally better.

[7] *The Fool Interrupts.* It is somewhere around this point that I forget who I am interviewing. This happens often, actually, and especially at festivals where I have not slept, yet, have imbibed vast quantities of cheap deejay energy, beer, and joints. Staring into Tim's face, the only connection I can suddenly make is that he is the roommate of an old friend of mine. Quickly, I recover. He is stunned. What is Michelle Rainer like as a roommate? She is OK, she's dead in her aesthetic but she doesn't do her dishes, and I find that this really bothers me. What sort of roommate are you?

I'm the non-existent roommate. I don't see her very much, I keep to myself. Yeah, but seriously, yeah. So we've drifted off into roommate land? [He gives me a quizzical look. Again.]

How did you guys all meet and why is Almost Transparent Blue happening?

Masa J Anzai: We all know each other from music school. VCC. King Ed campus. That was a while back.

Kelly Churko: Vancouver Community College. '94 to '97 we were there kind of overlapping. I was there the first year and then Masa came and then Skye came after.

What did you guys study?

Skye Brooks: Jazz. Traditional jazz.

All of you guys play in different outfits around town. Can you mention what those are?

K: I'll simplify things for myself anyway: I play in another band with Masa called Hospital—that's our noise band—and Masa and I also play in another band called Eye of Newt Collective which plays at the Blinding Light once a month doing soundtracks of silent movies, and also doing things on Tuesdays here which are organized by these guys. What about you guys?

M: Right now... I don't know.

Do you lose track? That was going to be one of my questions: Is it difficult to focus creatively when you spread yourself out like that, or does it keep the momentum going?

M: Not really. I guess lately this past year I've been dealing with

Have any of you ever been in just one project or is this how music school culture goes?

K: We just like playing with each other. We like playing a lot—all kinds of things.

M: Yeah, I wouldn't be satisfied with just one thing. It just wouldn't satisfy my tastes.

K: I think you see that happening a lot though, in a lot of different scenes in the city. You see a lot of different people being in a lot of different projects. But it helps when you're theoretically educated. I mean, I don't think that's the be all and end all of being a musician 'cause it's not at all, but it helps to facilitate ease of communication of different styles of music: if you can read music, you don't have to rehearse as much.

I don't know how long ago it was that you were all formally educated, but has music changed for you since you started thinking about it in those terms?

S: I play a lot more technically challenging music now as far as my bands go. Before I only played rock 'n' roll based music and I would be the drummer in a band, and yeah, I would be in one band only, and I was in one band for years and it was kind of a punk rock band and Masa and I played in another incarnation of that band later on. Then I went to music school and I met all these awesome musicians

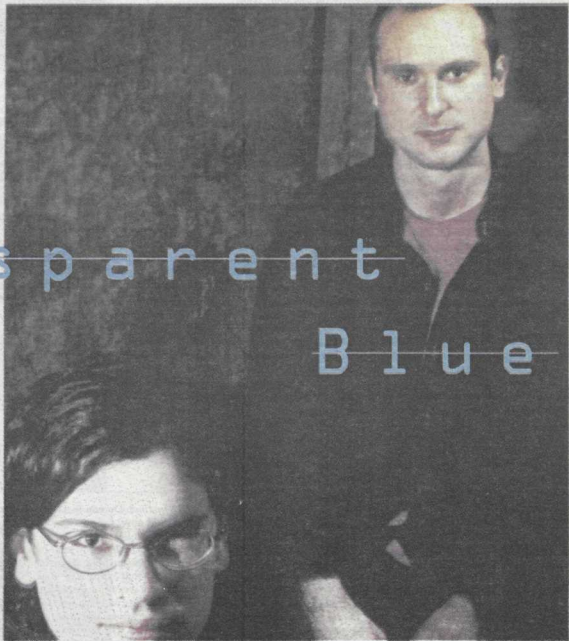
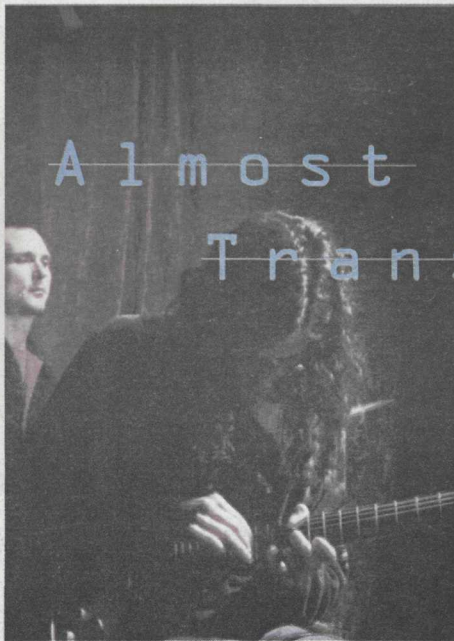
genealogy of it. Do you guys think that that kind of energy, not necessarily fuels the music, but that you can read that energy investing itself in it?

S: You can feel it. When I play with someone, I can really feel if they've ever really been into that kind of thing or not. You can just feel if there's something there. Like, I played with this bass player the other night from Berlin, Trevor Williamson, and I'd never played with him or met him before and I could—I mean, his bass was covered in stickers, so it was kind of a giveaway—but even aside from that I could tell, even though we were just doing free improv, I could tell he had played that kind of full on music before, even though we were doing nothing that really sounded like that.

Is it something that can actually be understood in terms of the notes, in that kind of positivist way, that you could actually notate it out, or is it something else?

K: A feeling. What do you think?

M: Yeah, a feeling, the camaraderie, it's always going to be different with different combinations of musicians. You can't really notate it. K: I think you can hear that in Almost Transparent Blue, you can hear the punk genealogy. Like, I wasn't so much into punk, I was more into thrash, but it's the same kind of thing, but you can hear that in our music, and we have that camaraderie as well. I mean, we



freely improvised music which is the more main focus of the Tuesdays here [at the Sugar Refinery]. I was lucky enough to do the Time Flies thing in February which Coastal Jazz and Blues put together—I got to play with musicians like Wayne Horvitz from Seattle and Cino Roberts, a percussionist from Oakland, and I just got back from the States playing with Ron Samworth and Dylan Van der Schyff.

What was this Time Flies thing?

M: It's a meeting of eight musicians in different combinations over like three or four days. So yeah, I got to play with Paul Plimley and Peggy Lee. So that's been good.

What about you Skye?

S: As far as regular projects or bands that I play in, there's one, Little Stitches, and it's an improvised bass band—it's kind of electronically-influenced. Then there's another new band I play in, kind of swing bass jazz stuff. Then I have my own band where I play guitar and sing, too, which is really the one I'm concentrating on right now and that band's called Vague Demons.

who had a really wide variety of tastes and were into lots of different kinds of stuff.

M: It all kind of works together. It comes out in every situation. It expands your knowledge.

K: I grew up playing music. I've played music ever since I was five years old because I grew up in a family of musicians. I grew up in a family band—we traveled around Canada playing country music when I was a kid. I grew up playing classical piano my whole life until I went to VCC—well, you know, when I was in high school I started playing like Slayer guitar—I loved thrashing—then I went to VCC 'cause I wanted to learn how to play and I think I actually got worse [everyone laughs]. Technically, they had to fix a lot of things, technically, so it was like starting all over again. But then I discovered a lot of cool music when I was going to music school, and these guys got me into a lot of different things.

You've all mentioned punk or metal. I have this really idealistic bias that lots of bands that I like that don't actually play punk music used to be punk, and I think that I can kind of read the

play with all different players, but we play with each other a lot, and we like playing with each other, and we like each other. That's part of the punk thing too, I think. It's not just showing up, doing a gig, reading your music and then going home and taking your psyche—like, we love it, right? And we work as a team.

S: It's a collective.

K: That's the key to this band. We didn't want to have just like one guy doing everything. We work as a team, and that's kind of the punk thing too: hopefully, everyone helps each other out.

Do you think that, aesthetically now, that it's one way to make a turn towards—I mean, in a strange way because to me now, "Punk" capital "P" is a really narrow, confining thing—but do you think that taking that energy is one way to make the turn towards an open creativity in a lot of ways? That's how I read some of your music.

M: Yeah, I guess. Some of the noisier elements of improvised music, it's something that people who have experienced a heavier kind of music are more open to, or they can understand it a little easier somehow.

Yeah, because in your music there are these fairly, I'll say, legible, traditionalist jazz motifs and then things really change, and that's what sets the music apart. How is the music written?

S: All the tunes are written by one person. A lot of the tunes on the album were written by Kelly—I got two tunes and Masa has one. Masa has another tune that couldn't fit 'cause it was so long.

M: There are written parts that we go through, and then sometimes there are segue parts that are left free, but then a lot of it is realizing cues, when to come back, a lot of eye contact.

K: But sometimes the lines are blurred though, partly because we've played together for so long, and because we played the material for this particular CD for like two years—it's been a long time—but because of that, it's a lot easier to blur the lines between improvisation and composition.

M: And I find that one of the more interesting aspects of this kind of music is the segue: when the music sections change, how's it going to change? And how is this going to happen?

S: Because you can make it as spontaneous as you want to make it. There were things that we did in the studio that we never performed; the songs took on a new thing. So, one of the great things about the experience of recording that album for us is that there were some moments that we got that were spontaneous, truly spontaneous.



M: And that's very exciting to me because it's full of so much tension, you just don't know how the hell we're going to get out of this section, and then all of a sudden, "bang!", we're there, and that's very rewarding when that happens.

K: I feel the same way. When we're playing live, we all know where we're going, but we don't know how we're going to get there and that's, I feel, we're always hanging by a thread. Always. And that's the most exciting part, and hopefully the audience can feel that as well in the live show, and I think they do, I think it does translate.

M: Yeah, as a listener, I like that a lot when a band does that.

K: 'Cause I'm on the edge when I'm playing. I really am, but we trust each other, we trust that we can pull each other out, and we always have.

M: Some of your tunes have been tried before but...

K: Some of my tunes have been tried before but couldn't find the guys that could play them right. That's why we started this band—we knew that we could trust each other.

Let's talk about the record for a minute. The record sounds

absolutely fucking fantastic. I love the music; it was recorded, in my opinion, very well. I love the way you guys mixed it, everything—top to bottom... Regain?

K: Everyone wants to know [everyone laughs]. I was working as a recording engineer in Regina at a recording studio for the last eight months, and it was a really good studio and because I worked there, I figured I could get a pretty good deal. So we were talking about recording out here, but I would have had to fly here and fly back, and also I would have had to take like two or three weeks off work, so it was more economical for these guys to drive to Regina like in a day, then we rehearsed for two days, then we recorded for two days, then we mixed for two days, then we drove all the way back. I was working at the studio but because the music's live, we had to have another engineer, John Gasparic, and he's one of the other guys who works there, and he's this really nice guy, and he put in extra time after the day was done to help us record our album.

M: And it's a really nice studio.

K: Yeah, Touchdown Studio in Regina.

M: Direct into the computer.

You guys went digital?

K: Yeah, we had originally talked about certain recording concepts, like we kind of wanted to have more of a lo-fi, sort of punk recording aesthetic to this album, but to do that you gotta record on tape, and that costs a lot of money. There was a tape machine there, but we never used it. Pro-Tones is just so easy to do to get it all done and mix, for this kind of project anyway. They hadn't seen anything like us before. They had never recorded a full band live like that before and used all the tracks. Masa was in the vocal booth, and Skye was in the drum room, and I was in the drum room with Skye but my amp was in another room.

M: And then we had video monitors.

K: Yeah, they rigged up a video monitor system with cameras so that Masa could see us and we could see him. But it was still kind of hard. That's how we got even more of that hanging-by-a-thread feeling in the studio. I'm looking at the TV, but Masa's looking at the camera, so our eyes aren't meeting. But it seemed to work. We had a couple train wrecks in the studio.

S: By the time we got home, Kelly and I had been up for forty hours. It was the most insane I've ever felt, 'cause we had worked so hard and then we drove all the way home.

The drums sounded really good. What kind of mics did you guys use?

K: Well, on the kick drum we used a Shure SM-91 which is a flat mic, which went inside the kick drum, but then on the outside we had a Beta 56 which is a Shure mic as well. Then we had stereo mics overhead which are AKG C-414s. One on the ride, which was another condenser mic.

S: Two on the snare: one on the bottom, and one on the top. And then one way back in the room to capture...

K: A room mic, a stereo room mic.

Yeah, you can sense that. The great thing about jazz recordings is they've always understood the idea of that ambience.

K: Well, filling the space, you know? Because the sound changes when it's way out there. But, you know, they'd never recorded drums like that either, the studio where I work—we replace all the drum sounds. A drummer will come in, he'll play his tracks and then we'll take his tracks and just put in samples where he hit. But with something like this, I mean, they wanted to start tweaking shit, and it was like, "No, man. That's how it's supposed to sound."

So you work in Regina at this place?

K: I did, yeah. But I'm moving to Japan next week.

Well, what's going to happen to the band?

K: We're, uh, taking time to write new material [everyone laughs]. S: I hope—I think we all hope—that we're going to play festivals next summer. We're gonna try to get in, we're gonna try to subunit stuff to Victoriaville, obviously Vancouver Jazz Fest, maybe Montreal.

What kind of influences do each of you have personally and/or what kind of aesthetic influences this band?

S: The Boredoms, Mr. Bungle, Nonesuch.

M: Punk's definitely in there, especially the heavy parts. A lot of the tunes are Kelly: very heavy, rhythmic, from metal.

K: First of all, what do you hear as influences?

There are these really tight, single-note passages where you and Masa seem hooked up and they remind me of U2 [Jesse Dima a little bit]. Do you guys listen to them?

K: Well, not regularly, but I think we all like them.

M: Yeah, U2 [Jesse Dima, Zappa].

And then, some of my favourite parts is when you guys are doing the really abstract things, like when you really stretch time out and the song takes two minutes to build up and get going—that takes guts. I love the kind of restraint that takes. I sincerely think that silence and quiescence invested into this kind of music is still one of the most radical things that can be done, and it takes a great deal of discipline to restrain oneself from getting into Les Claypool jam time.

S: That's taken some time, I think, for us to be able to do that, for sure. I've noticed that we've all started to realize the importance of that in the last few years. I didn't notice that in playing with people right away, and in myself, too, the importance of leaving space and letting the music breathe, and giving other people space, and where you're fitting into the music.

What about you on the saxophone? There are a lot of sax giants that I could possibly hear in there.

M: Oh, god. Obviously, John Zorn is a big part of my development, I guess. Maybe too big—I'm trying to shed it. I don't really listen to that much sax.

S: [Ken Vandermark, Ornette Coleman].

M: Yeah, Vandermark, all that stuff, Ornette, it all comes in there.

S: [Eric Dolphy, too].

M: Yeah, Dolphy, yeah. Pharoah Sanders. But you know, the tune that I wrote for that CD, at that point I was listening to a lot of Pennywise, and Bad Religion—that was what I was into at that time. Skate punk stuff.

S: Yeah, the fast punk tune on the album—that really short one—Masa wrote.

M: I grew up, like Kelly, I started on classical piano, then got into a Metallica cover band playing guitar—I was really into metal. Right now I listen to pretty much nothing but Metal. Progressive hardcore stuff.

Do you guys like Zori Geva at all?

K: Well, we did a show with KK Null and...

Fuck off!

K: ...and Masami Akita from Merzbow, they did a duo, we opened up for them in Tokyo one time in Hospital. That was like two years ago I guess. He's a nice guy, real nice guy.

Anything else you guys want to talk about before we wrap up here?

K: Well, getting back to the influences thing... like Masa says, he doesn't really listen to a lot of sax players, but also, as a guitar player, I don't really listen to music for guitar players. I've always just listened to the whole band and that's always what I've appreciated, more than individual virtuosity. I've just appreciated bands, and that's what we really hoped to achieve with this band is to achieve a group unit—nobody stands out. We play together and we work together and that's the concept, that's the focus—it's a group effort. And hopefully we have a balance between all the players, and everybody gets their moments to speak, but also can pull back and let the person speak or people work as one solid unit. And that's the music I've always liked to listen to, even though it may be composed by one person like Naked City, John Zorn's band, still it's a band, that's the point. He lined up those players to play his music because he knew that they could be a good band and that's what I've always liked is good groups rather than good players. •

noticeandit@hotmail.com

When a song is a
secret handshake
An interview by
Steve DiPasquale

Ursula Rucker

Poet, musician, public intellectual, and hip hop Mommy

By Hancunt

I had to get up earlier than usual to get to CTR to record a phone interview with Philadelphia spoken word artist Ursula Rucker. Normally I'd be swearing to myself and scowling at my bus-driving comrades, but this morning I was more wired than tired and looking forward to speaking with one of the most exciting voices on the hip hop/spoken word scene—the ultra political and poetic Rucker. You don't know her? You do know her. Her poems close each Roots studio full-length album; her voice floats upon the transfixed beats of Jazzanova, 4-Hero, King Britt and others and now... each track from her debut solo album Supa Sista will not leave my head. But it was through the Roots albums—through hip-hop—that I first heard Rucker's voice and so I when I first heard her voice on the phone—much softer and less assured than when on record—we started off by discussing—what else? The beginnings of hip hop.

At 34, Rucker was becoming a teenager in Philadelphia just as hip hop (or rap) was fusing itself from all the diverse styles in black music, spoken word—basically the oral/kinetic tradition. I asked Ursula about her experiences sharing adolescence with hip hop, and she confirmed by saying, "Hip hop was a big part of my life, 'cause that was pretty much the main influence on me and my peers musically and culturally at that time. I remember being hospitalized for three and a half months when I was 14 as I had surgery because I had scoliosis. I couldn't keep my radio there with me, so my mother brought my radio every Saturday, so I could listen to hip hop." She repeats, "You know, it's a big part of my life." I dig deeper for more tales from back-in-the-day, and Rucker offers a brief example of hip hop's maternal roots: "There was an all day hip hop show here [in Philadelphia] every Saturday, and all the kids would carry their boomboxes around outside, get cassette tapes, and tape the show which was hosted by Lady B. She's pretty renowned here, at least for doing that at that time. [As] she was the host, everybody connected the show to her." From the beginning of the Philly hip hop scene and right into the here and now there continues to be many kids ask women representing.

I asked if, from her vantage point of being roughly the same age as hip hop itself and having lived her life in a major American urban center, she had observed a far greater power balance and more respect between the sexes in hip-hop during its puberty. "Um, I wasn't really thinking about that at that time," she laughed, and then said thoughtfully, "looking back, yeah, women didn't have to strip, you know, or talk about any kind of suggestive thing either. They were just seen as dope lyricists and MCs like everybody else. The Real Roxanne, Roxanne Shante... everything was just different, you know? It had a different purpose and a more meaningful purpose in terms of hip hop being a culture and not just some music to be on the radio."

This little morsel made me even hungrier and the women's studies major in me took hold, I couldn't help but ask if Rucker linked the shift from female positivity into female objectification to commercialization and capitalism infiltrating hip hop? Rucker was sure in her reply: "In a big way. That's not the only reason though but it's one of the big ones." I was thinking about the significance of the name "Elizabeth" in the title for the introductory track on her album, "In her Elizabeth," written and performed by Daniel "Gravy" Thomas. I brought this up, and Rucker offered me another glimpse into the rich history of black women's communities: "I think it's a pretty obscure historical note. Daniel had to tell me what Elizabeth was, because I didn't know either. Elizabeth was a social community or social club for black women around the time of the Harlem Renaissance, and it was somewhere they went after working, you know, say, in white people's homes all day. Kind of, feeling displaced throughout the day and then they went and joined together, they found a place together to strengthen themselves and celebrate themselves, in this place called Elizabeth."

The obscurity of black women's history in ConAmerica has been obscured by the heavy cloak of white supremacist capitalist patriarchal history, and throughout Rucker's album she moves the mantle of lies aside to expand black female subjectivity. It is not incongruent with Rucker's femcentric philosophy, though, that this piece of women's history—that of the Elizabeth Club—was offered to her from a male friend; Rucker's poetics naturally accepts and celebrates, as it challenges, the roles of black men in her community. She elaborated on this theme in a discussion on

the importance of the family she has made with her male partner and their two sons in response to a question I asked her about the 4Hero-produced track "77," which deals with the straightforward tale of falling in love and trying to make it work:

I wondered if "77," evoking the biblical creation myth, also illuminates an actual moment in history when women were over-come and subjugated to men, so I asked Rucker about the accuracy of my interpretation, and it turns out that I had failed to factor race into my hypothesis, and not that I was "reading too much into it" as a friend had suggested the night before. As Rucker pointed out, it is poetry after all and I can hear/read into it any damn thing I want to: "I wouldn't say that you were reading too much into it, but [that idea of a woman struggling to experience heterosexual romantic love outside of patriarchy] wasn't my intention. But, again, I love when this happens because it confirms the idea that art is open to interpretation, that it works on many levels. But [what you're interpreting] is interesting. I did have another intention besides just discussing the love relationship between a man and a woman. I have issue with America thinking that black families can't thrive and exist and be full and together, so ["77"] is a kind of commentary and celebration of one black family, which is my own, that fought and struggled and stayed together despite the odds, despite the statistics. Not willing to be a statistic. Because years and years ago I was in college and I saw a documentary called 'The Vanishing Black Family' and I'll never forget it. You know, they just showed a lot of single women, a lot of families that were headed by a matriarch, and a lot of black men kind of absconding without responsibility, and it's not always like that. There could be another way." And Rucker is living it. When she is on tour, her partner looks after their kids: "You know, I'm really, really grateful to him because he really supports me and I can't even say that I would be surprised if it were him going out on the road all the time. He's a different kind of bird." Even with a partner to share the immense responsibilities of parenting, mothering takes up a lot of time. Could motherhood account for the delay in releasing her full-length album? Or was Rucker wanting to wait while she further honed her craft? Rucker responded, "I guess, you know, until now it just wasn't the time. I was signed to a label at one time and got dropped. So I thought it was going to happen a couple years back and it didn't. I just kept on going with the daily routine, and then it just popped up, and they showed interest and we looked into them; their company; at the way that they represented their artists, and figured that they would be a good place for me to be and we took a chance. And everything's been good so far."

In an interview that I had read online she discussed the different tensions at play when performing pieces like "Song for Billy" (a brutal story of a baby girl, not yet a toddler, who is pimped out by her addict mother as payment for drugs), so I asked her if she would discuss this and she acquiesced. "Um, I'm never quite sure how it's going to work in front of an audience, it's always different, and sometimes even when you're done you don't know how it was received. Some people, some audiences are vocal, and some aren't, so you aren't quite sure how it fell, or if it fell at all. And so it's always just like a crashshot, which is fine, because it always keeps it fresh. But yeah, to do things like 'Song for Billy, or I ever do 'Return to Innocence,' which was the last piece on the last Roots studio album..." I interjected, "That's not in your repertoire right now?" "No," she continued "because it's the hardest thing for me to do, that one, because it is, like, ultra personal. It's difficult, it's difficult to expose yourself like that publicly in front of an audience."

What can we expect from Rucker when she plays Vancouver November 6? "On tour I have three musicians with me, Tim Motzer, who has some cuts on the album, is on guitar, Phillip Charles is on bass and he has a track on the album also; most of the album was engineered at his house. And Jim Hamilton who is a percussionist. So it's very intimate, and it's very complete at the same time, even though there are just three musicians and me. I used to go out with just me and an MPC containing my music. My friend Rob used to push his buttons and do his thing and it was just us and it was all about the spirit and the intention and the sincerity and I don't think it matters if there are nine or three or no musicians, it's all where your head is at and how you put it out there."

After having listened to Supa Sista a great deal (because it is

fabulous) I would make an analogy between Rucker's work and the work of somebody like bell hooks: at the same time very original and extremely intelligent, and yet the language and ideas are totally accessible. Although accessibility isn't first and foremost in Rucker's mind when she writes, she does see it as "very important that the ideas are accessible. So that people don't feel alienated, they don't feel that the ideas are too lofty for them to get with or understand. These are common human experiences for someone, maybe if it's not your experience you can still appreciate it and respect is and understand, that's important, it's important to everyone to connect at this basic human level, that we persist. Because we get so caught up in everything that is going on, in technology and the media and we forget to really connect with each other."

Currently, Rucker is "getting through this tour," doing another track with Jazzanova, and working on a book of poetry. Don't miss her and her band kick the shit out of Richard's on Richards on Tuesday, November 6.

From "77:"

Day 7...my world is yours

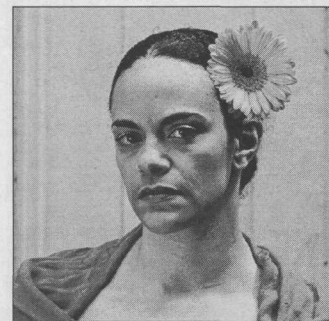
Whose world is this?

It's his

Do you remember the sweet surrender?

Do you remember that sweet surrender?

yeah, you better



URSULA RUCKER, LOOKING LIKE BILLIE HOLIDAY MEETS FRIDA KAHLO

Now, I was born a slave, a rebel, an inherent queen no thing, situation or person can steal my birthright I came forth in the night a force to reckoned with you sure you want to get with this

Some may attempt to falter my steps...knock me down...but I am

resilient...I just bounce

L...just...bounce

L...just...bounce

L...just...bounce

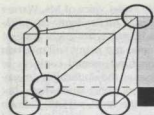
Able to leap small minds in a single bound

Land and feet from the ground

I found with...Shlectricity

I'm gonna sing my womansong... make you listen to me

Ursula Rucker, "Womansong"



under review

recorded media

APPLIANCE Mute/Metric (Mute)

I thought that, since this was on the Mute label, it might be worth some attention. Sure, it deserves some praise. Here's some expertly crafted psychedelic pop that flirts with the succubus of success. As much as **Appliance** may share commonalities with the spooky instrumentation of bands like **Seefeel**, **Scala**, or **Tarwater**, they also tend to come close to that unfortunate **Coldplay** territory when singer/songwriter James Brooks breathlessly spews forth like a tranquilized **Bowie**. **Appliance** apply plenty of soothing electronic effects and organ pumping, with a bit of guitar strum for filler in the right places.

Negative bitch-rants like mine aside, **Appliance** WILL gather plenty of fine reviews and wads of fans. They could be the next **Spiritualized** or **Verve**, if they aren't already (what do I know, I refuse to watch music videos). Currently, the band is touring with **Hefner**. So, some good points of reference for 'yall out there, and I think that over all this is a "thumbs up" album and for the price, I'll let you know it is also a generous helping of sound at 12 songs in about an hour. This is one of those lonely Sunday morning types, not the one for trying to get the party going.

Black

BATIDOS

Of jips
(Six Degrees)
Of jips's opening track, "Just A Dream," starts out with house beats by Ron Trent, adds Jay Rodriguez's saxophone, some nice vocal arrangements, West African drums, and features Cuba's legendary **Chucho Valdés** on Fender Rhodes. To say that this album is a mix of genres is an understatement. Genres aren't merely stirred a bit on this album, they're blended so thoroughly that the result can't be classified as anything other than tasty. "Batidos," writes Jay Rodriguez of his group's name in the liner notes, "are in Latin-American cultures... our version of a milkshake." And a milkshake is what this album somehow tastes like. The ingredients couldn't be more varied, but somehow they are combined in a way that leaves a pleasant aftertaste that is both a bit traditional and distinctly urban. The song "Dear Neven" has hand-clapping, looped into the track, reminiscent of Miles Davis' "Black Satin." "Tengo Sed," in my opinion the best piece, begins with a sample of a police siren.

At its best, this album is an interesting experiment, taking

sounds from different cultures and fusing them in a somewhat unique way. The best tracks showcase great ingenuity. At other points, however, the musicians stick to a less creative format—and although they don't sound like St. Germain knock-offs or anything, you get the feeling that if the Batidos had stuck to their game-plan, the album would have had more staying power. As it is, it's a good fix of catchy beats, nice melodies, and solid musicianship that'll keep a summer smile on your face on the rainiest of days.

Lucas TAD

BOOKS ON TAPE Test Pressure (Beatpunk.com)

I want to say that this is experimental jazz breakbeats. But it's not just that. **Todd Drotrain** takes the time to place every single sound exactly where it needs to be, creating a carefully constructed and conscious down-tempo excursion that moves from piano riffs to noisy soundscapes. It sounds nothing like **Book of Birds**. On *Tape*, that structure has been reworked and refined into a honed and precise craft, using pop conventions—riffs, refrains, choruses—where today, many choose minimalist repetition. This is not to say that the sound is pop-like or commercial; on the contrary, the result for the listener is the awareness of an artist at the peak of his element, playing with standard conventions of songwriting, performing subtle sound mindfucks, and producing very tight, down-tempo material. This is to be somewhat expected, considering that Drotrain's music has been used for MTV spots, among other things. In a way, he's like a **Brian Eno** or **Bill Laswell**, straddling the commercial knowledge of technical studio production with an inherent curiosity in the nature of sound and music. For Drotrain, this takes the shape of oddly sampled down-tempo breakbeats that aim to engage the listener in a productive session of inquisitive sonic exploration, as opposed to primarily satisfying the dance floor with the worn-out groove of repetitious and predictable breaks.

Robins V

MIRA CALIX
Prickle
(Warp)
Any remotely sensitive music critic would balk at the entirely

necessary task of comparing the failings of this EP to those of **Neotropic's** *La Prochine Fois* (Ntone). After all, tarring two records by British, female electronic artists with the same brush smacks of discrimination against a disadvantaged minority. Nevertheless, both of these discs use the same musical formula and both fail to capitalize on its large potential for the same reason.

The formula is one of the most productive in music today: the combination of grainy, digital noise with unabashed melodicism. This is the very juxtaposition that made **Fennaz's** *Endless Summer* (Mego) this year's one absolutely essential purchase for music lovers and, indeed, all other human beings. Furthermore, in my defense, it should be noted that it has been brilliantly used by at least one female, British electronic artist—namely **Leila** on her *LP Like Weather* (Rhex).

These records work because they counterpoint dissonant noises and tonal melodies in a dynamic and challenging fashion. What becomes clear with records like *Prickle* and the aforementioned *Neotropic* debacle is that, if the melodic side of the equation is unspeakably banal, then things just ain't going to gel. *Leila* starts things off with **Mira Calix's** four-part opus (bad sign, huh?) starts things out promisingly with what sounds like a heavily processed field record *La Francisco Lopez*. But then the keyboards kick in with a faux-classical self-importance that would make **Jennifer Lopez** cringe. Ponderous piano lines and portentous analogue synth chords kick in, establishing an irrevocable mood of pretentious bad taste.

This mood is only alleviated when **Andrea Parker** (the show lady in British electronic?) first goes to remix "Skin with Me" in the "nu skool electro" style she helped to make fashionable a few years ago. This mix may not be the best thing since sliced samples exactly but, by shifting the emphasis from texture and melody to rhythm and harmony, Parker adds both levity and depth to a disc that was previously as shallow as a puddle of piss. It also—perhaps helps me further distance myself from any accusations of minority discrimination that may arise, as discussed previously in this review.

Returning to that touchy theme, if we must, I've often pondered the possibility that the future of music could/should be in the hands of female electronic artists. All things considered, they seem to be the people most naturally posi-

tioned to produce truly original work. The world of electronic music is ripe for colonization by a new wave of laptop-wielding fembots. Sadly, given the climate of cynicism and bigotry that pervades the UK music scene, they probably won't be British.

Sam Macklin

COIN GUTTER

truth lifting up its head above scandal
(vanityrecords.com)

For the first time in a long time I sit down to listen to music. The blinding high-pitched noise at the beginning of the CD commanded me to do so: I had no choice but to put away my reading, sit back in my chair, and breathe in the subtle workings of drones, harmonies, and barely coherent minimal beats that pulse through a stream of moods. As my mind attempted to relax, it began conjuring my imagination into spectacles of vision: I dreamt of picking up rocks on a windswept Northern BC coast, grey clouds approaching from the east—the wrong direction for weather, and then I am chilled from the cold even though my house is warm, very warm, rising in temperature, and then before I know it, the speakers have swollen and the bleeding noise which was always there, waiting to pounce, from the dark of the trees and the forest and the eastern wind, defying the west, she attacks in waves, a rising gray wave from the ocean, back turned, echoing redemption, rising moon where there should be sun. All too soon, it is over, it has felt like hours, it has been only 36 minutes: not too long, a capturing moment that is enough to grab you, dissect you, and then place you back down where you could have been, a bit off, like coming back to the world and noticing one subtle thing is wrong with it—the majority of people are now left-handed, say. Thirty-six minutes is a good time. **Kim Cascone** and other experimental electronic musicians are working with albums of that length, cutting out needless sound to reduce the experience to core elements; other artists, such as **Tomas Jirku**, **Jetone**, **Tanaka Fumiya**, **Frank Bretschneider**, and **Mitchell Akiyama**, are experimenting with track lengths of 12-30 minutes, allowing the electronic palate to be libated with minimalist, sample-laden experimentation or dronescapes—to develop itself over time, to take time, enjoy the time, make the most of this time. Vancouver's **Coin Gutter** dreams the absence of horror, creating its own time, defining continents not by clocks, but by elastic stretchings of frequencies that drone high-pitched screams, begging, begging, for the truth behind the scandal.

Robins V

BOBBY CONN The Golden Age (Thrill Jockey)



Jay Douillard

DRAG CITY SUPERSESSION Tramps, Traitors and Little Devils (Drag City)

There's nothing like the prospect of yet another fantastic Chicago jam session to fill this writer's heart with a sense of dread (in anticipation of the seemingly endless, numbing tedium that will doubtless ensue). So you can imagine that the prospect of a "supersession" from **Windy City indie rock label Drag City** was not an entirely welcome one. But, damn, if this little get-together didn't turn out to be quite the wing-ding.

Well, this is, after all, *A Drag City Supersession* and not a *Thrill Jockey Supersession*. That is to say, anyone expecting to hear a pack of slack-jawed music school grads indulging in sterile post-Slint instrumental circle jerks will be severely disappointed. Instead, we get a collection of originals and covers arranged/played/sung with considerable aplomb by some of American indie rock's more distinctive personalities.

The most noticeable voice here is ex-Royal Trux driver **Neil Michael Hagerty**, although **Smog's** Bill Callahan and alt-rock singer **Edith Frost** also make prominent contributions. Of these three major players, it's Callahan who benefits most from the unique setting—being forced to ride above his usual snail's pace by the rest of the posse, he's very nearly persuaded to rock out on occasion and is even inspired to get a little anarchic at times.

However, it's the back-seat drivers that steer this particular rock juggernaut on its most scenic diversions. **Tara Key**'s wild, ragged guitar playing, in particular, is a real treat. But what really lifts this very loosey-themed album above the level of played-out trad rock is the string work of **Jessica Billey** and **Matt Bauder**. Their contributions make perfect sense in spite of being (or perhaps because they are) rough-hewn and disconcertingly off-key.

From these string arrangements to the band's choice of cover versions (**Rand Newman**, **Black Sabbath**) to the set's con-

cise running time, this album is a charming and very welcome surprise. Plus, it's got **Jim O'Rourke** on it, which is still always a good sign as far as I'm concerned.

Sam Macklin

FUGAZI

The Argument
(Discord)

HEY. Guess what. This sounds exactly like the new **Fugazi** album.

Clot concludes: more singing, less yelling, three women, and a cello. It's fancy, but yes, it's true, it's amazing.

Christina Min

TOMMY GUERRERO

Rock Collector
(Moo Wax)

Happy singing, happy birds on the cover, happy birds singing inside the music, rolling, rolling on my skateboard. Brother takes off with his camera and comes back with shots of jumps, flips, slides. Somewhere the sun must be shining, happy colour robots are dancing under the sun, pink, orange, purple, green, pink. Drums, bleeps, and my brother goes out again. He says he can't do it too. It's dedicated to him.

Cato

HOT LITTLE ROCKET

Danish Documentary
(Eardrum)

For a band from Calgary, **Hot Little Rocket** is pretty dang good.

Danish Documentary is their second release and was preceded by an EP titled *Linka*, which I have not heard. Those smiling folks from Endearing Records want everyone to know that the latest from this four-piece "would sound good on a mix tape with" the likes of **Blonde Redhead** and **Modest Mouse**.

Perhaps this is because **Hot Little Rocket** sounds exactly like **Modest Mouse** would if they were fronted by a muppet. Like **Modest Mouse**, they combine cacophony and harmony to great effect, but with added twang. These guys seem reluctant to reveal any personal information on their website, and the only two songs on *Danish Documentary* with punctuation marks in their titles. And so I give them a punctuation mark, as in "Hey, these guys are pretty doggone good." But I also give them a question mark, because "Why does that guy's voice have to be so nasal?" **Hot Little Rocket** will be opening for **Eric's Trip**, who will retray the West Coast leg of their reunion tour, playing **Richard's** on **Richards** on November 4th.

Sara Young

KARP
Action Chemistry
 (Punk in My Vitamins)
 Before metal became hilariously de rigueur again, Karp was doing it. The band has since passed into the land of the nonexistent, but this anthology of 7", compilation tracks, and other bits and pieces is a pretty good representation of the kind of pleasurable punishment they dish out. And there's nothing funny about it.

Barbara

LANDING
Oceanless
 (Strange Attractors Audio House)

Every once in a while LANDING (previously known as *May Landing*) lives up to the underground hype which preceded this release, sharing some dark ambient territory with Windy and Carl and some of the buzz we like in *Bardo Pond*. *Oceanless* does provide a fine mindfuck, especially over the first three tracks, but when it comes to songs four and five, each clocking in at just over 21 minutes, I often get the feeling that LANDING is just building a huge sonic wall to hide the dead body of Brian Eno.

Perhaps if we could hang a carrot (or a huge split!) in front of them, they could see a destination. Some sort of goal is always good. Instead what hangs is a 300 pound slug over the head of the listener. Not a pleasant scenario at all. Hey, I like drone... no, I love drone,

but this gets so redundant I can't see the light at the end of the sewer tunnel, dig?

Blique

LE TIGRE
Feminist Suckstakes
 (Mr. Lady)

Char... of all people—was once quoted in *US* magazine—of all places—as saying, “If *Roe vs. Wade* ever gets overturned, women will shut this country down.” Well, as we speak, Bush is stacking the US Supreme Court with anti-choice judges; Attorney General John Ashcroft advocates a constitutional amendment banning abortion; *Roe vs. Wade* may very well be in its last days. Our sisters to the south are suffering an unprecedented backlash against decades of feminist progress. Dear Cher, I never thought I’d write you a love letter, but I’d pee my pants with joy if your prediction came true.

Le Tigre have made the album of the year this year, the year when it is probably most needed and necessary. Miles past their great self-titled debut and even further beyond their recent EP *From the Desk of Mr. Lady*, *Feminist Suckstakes* is so good I can barely get my pulse down long enough to write anything coherent about it.

The aim of the album, if “Keep on Living,” the final track, is to be believed, is to give activists the strength to continue the struggle for freedom: to ignore the voices that tell you you’re crazy, that you’re a freak,

that you never had it so good; to “name the phenomenon” that belittles political sincerity while enacting repression. It’s also a call to reclaim pleasure, to enjoy your body, to savour language, to make art.

If revolutions actually had soundtracks—like if real life were some sort of music video—“On Guard” would sound good behind a crowd of women storming the Supreme Court. Wanna talk about internal terrorism? I got yer speculation right here, baby.

Barbara

MILEAMER
Anaesthetic
 (Jade Tree)

Why does this album have a park graphic that reminds me of “My Little Pony”? I have no idea, but it certainly got me hooked. Well maybe it’s actually the lack of information in the album booklet. The front just has the cute little flying pony and some stars. The back tells us the album name and the band, and that it is on Jade Tree records. There is nothing on the inside. Not a word. The front panel is just one sided cardboard. If you were paying attention you will have a great question for me. WHERE ARE THE SONG TITLES! I couldn’t tell you. There are about eight songs with unknown names—maybe they are all part of one piece called *Anaesthetic*. Hardcore gone baroque. This album should be huge, if the kids give it a chance. It has just the right

amount of hip shake and discordant keyboards. I could say that it reminds me of *Refused* at times. They even have a few singers (I don’t know who they are because they aren’t listed) and the vocal textures are pleasing to these ears. I think they have blonde hair, though. I hope that isn’t a problem. It might be. Join me or be crushed!

Jay Duillard

MARTIN TIELLI
We Didn’t Even Suspect That He Was the Pappy Salesman
 (Six Shooter)

Every now and again an album comes along so intimate in its delivery, so idiosyncratic in its very nature, that one feels as if one is eavesdropping on somebody reading their diary aloud instead of listening to an album intended for everyone’s listening pleasure.

Rheostatics co-frontman Martin Tielli’s first official solo album (he released an album of material that was essentially solo stuff in ‘97 under the moniker *Nick Buzzi*) initially left me feeling this uneasiness of intrusion which quickly melted into a case of the dizzyingly warm fuzzies which one gets when treated to a bottle of Bushmills and new songs from your guitar-picking friend around the fire in the living room. Just so happens that living room is alternately in a house with a smiley face on it in Toontown and in a lonely cabin in Poe’s Dark Valley of Death.

Tielli’s raw yet agile voice

wraps itself around his warm yet simple guitar lines, seamlessly drawing the listener into his off-kilter world of picnic-lovers, junkies, frozen Polish peasants, street kids, forest creatures, fractured families, mice in walls, warmongers, neurotic inner voices, schoolyard bullies and vengeful gods that it is more surreal than what one would expect from something so stripped down and simple.

Spike

TRIANGLE
 *
 (File 13)

The cover of this album is a washed out picture of a bare and frozen urban park. In the centre of the image, hovering above a grey puddle, is a bulbous, translucent orange oval that warms the entire landscape. The liner notes are a collection of unappealing scribbles. That cover image, however, is a perfect metaphor for the accomplishments of Brian Tester and Amanda Warner of Minneapolis, Minnesota, the main members of *Triangle*, who reproduce exactly this sensation of the explosion of something beautiful and enticing from terrain that seems at first to be sparse and empty. The songs all use the same basic instrumental formula, laying a foundation with clipped electronic rhythm and cold noises à la IDM, then transforming that base into something thoroughly human by adding humble guitar strums, innocent lyrics, and the incredi-

bly sweet voice of Ms. Warner herself. All the rhyme-free ultra-indie rock lyrics might grate on some, and many will question the fundamental coolness of naming the album after a meaningless punctuation mark, but for the most part this album strikes an excellent balance of intelligence without pretension, and childlike happiness without the company of its ugly, tag-along riding coy.

Damon

TRANSCAMPS
Double Exposure
 (Thrill Jockey)
 Roger Whittaker.
 Zanzfir.

The busker who plays the Harp on Granville.

Philip Glass.
 Fine musicianship, for sure; but who would have guessed that the apparent likeness of such influence would be present in a work which also boasts the influence of comparatively more modern composers such as Foreigner, Iron Maiden, or the brothers Van Halen.

Imagine, if you will, a one-off collaboration of the aforementioned influences, complete with flute, cello, an Italian Crumar synthesizer, and dueling electric guitars. A tremendous “coming-together” of the crème de la crème of synth/orchestral/guitar instrumentation, with its abundance of axe rifery.

TRANSCENDANCE

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SUNDAY NIGHTS
 101.9FM CTR
 MIDNIGHT-2AM



CITR DJ PROFILE
 Suki and Lisa
Evil VS Good
 Alternating Mondays
 6:00PM-7:30PM

Record played most often on your show:
 Jerry's Kids, Final Conflict, and all things 9 Shocks Terror.
 Record you would save in a fire:
 Suki: Negative Approach 7", *Cheap Trick at Budokan*. Lisa: Misfits, *Collection 1*.
 Record that should burn in hell:
 Suki: Anything that makes a guy in a pickup truck want to mosh.
 Lisa: Anything by Jane's Addiction.
 Book you would save in a fire:
 Suki: Something about Japanese toy robots, or the devil.
 Lisa: A book of ghost stories.
 Worst band you like:
 Suki: Maiden and the Priest, dude. Lisa: Cradle of Filth.
 First record you bought:
 Suki: Alice Cooper, *Killer*. Lisa: New Kids on the Block, *Hangin' Tough*.
 Last record you bought:
 Suki: Lip Cream bootleg; *Shark Attack 7"*. Lisa: Slayer, *Reign in Blood*.
 Musician you'd most like to marry:
 Suki: Debbie Harry, circa '77. Lisa: Dave Gahan of Depeche Mode.
 Favorite show on CITR:
 Suki: *These are the Breaks*, word. Lisa: *Powerchord*.
 Strangest phone call received while on air:
 Suki: Some dude that wanted a date with an Evil vs Good host, and it didn't matter which one.... Lisa: This creepy Australian guy begging to hear Anal Cunt every other week. •

Now picture the musicians, while recording together over a few day period—it was nearing the end of the sessions, which have proved to be laborious and saturated with constant ego adjustment and introspective turmoil. Alex Van Halen had started complaining to Edward, his brother and Roger White, aka Phil Collins, insistence on playing drums instead of the synth he had been hired to play.

"Eddie, he's gotta stop playin' my drums. I let him play my drums on the first track, now he thinks he's Phil Collins," Alex lamented. "He's gotta go, tell him to get back to his keyboard or I quit."

The ultimatum was considered by Eddie and Roger, and discussed thoroughly.

How to tell the confident Glass that the drums were Alex's domain on this piece? There was to be no switching of teams during this session, they all agreed.

But to no avail. While Alex pondered this predicament, Eddie Van Halen was experiencing his own. During the recordings, Zanzir, the oldest and most distinguishably pretentious, decided it was time for him to experiment with foreign instrumentation. While playing Van Halen's prized guitar during one track was enough for all the other collaborators, Zanzir, confident in his pan-flute playing wizardry, may have been a little too confident in his guitar ability. He was okay. But being okay was not going to cut it for this spectacular experiment in musical expertise. While open and communicative during the recording process, all the musicians in the end could not bring it upon themselves to belittle their comrades' overzealous nature, and the result was a mediocre composition which fell short of the masterpiece they had anticipated.

Much like our esteemed brothers of the collaborative kraut/croth rock, *TransChamps*. *Trans Am* are good at what they do... they should stick to their Deutsche-influenced bassball. *The Fucking Champs* are excellent, too. But they should not be giving free guitar instruction to synthesizer players. A satisfactory listen, but overall the presence of *Trans Am* just weighs down the *C4AM05* Riff after Riff after Riff mandate. I guess the contrary might be said by others like what my friend Ben said to me after hearing it: "Awwwwww, I dunno man... kinda sounds like *Trans Am*, but way more Iron Maiden." While Ben is a good buddy who skateboards and is growing a beard right now, one which rivals a Michael McDonald/Norfolk-style beard, I disagree with his negative response, some people like Iron Maiden.

I love Iron Maiden.

HotDogzz!

TRIXIE'S UNDERSEA ADVENTURE

Life Raft (Patsy/Radio)

Ideologically, I hate nomenclature without a good reason. I'm pretty sure probably less than 2% of the people reading this review know who *Martyn Bates* is and even fewer are likely to be familiar with his work—either with '80s synth duo *Eyewitness* in *Gaza*, or more recently, solo and teamed up with low-end guru *Mike Harris*. Since Bates is a cipher to most *Discorder* readers and has nothing to do with *Trixie's Undersea Adventure* at all, I should really not mention him. But what the hell, I'm a lazy snob like everyone else here and want to show off my vintage underwear.

Life Raft, the first album by *Trixie's Undersea Adventure*,



By Andrea Nunes

reminds me of one Bates album in particular—*Mystery Sens*. Time works differently in Bates' universe: endless synth chords are stretched over deep seas of echoing melody. Nothing ever really starts, stops, or peaks in this world—it just keeps tracing the ripples in pools of melancholy. *Trixie's life* in a similar netherworld: though eight different tracks are listed, *Life Raft* is more accurately described as an extended suite, a single excursion into the stunning dark drone of Nicole Hutberise's accordion and Matthew Bailey's keyboards. Hutberise's vocals are Biblical, monochromatic, sometimes conjuring up Nico and a young Shihad O'Connor. Though the lack of variation from song to song can be wearing, patient listeners are in for a hell of a ride.

(Incidentally, *Eyewitness* in

Gaza released one particular record in 1982 called *Drumming the Bating Harp* on Cherry Red that you should get, because it's good.)

Barbara

LUTHER WRIGHT AND THE WRONGS

Rebuild the Wall (Snakey's Muzak/Universal)

In the context of this project—a country-tinged remake of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, in its entirety—Luther Wright and the Wrongs comes off as a novelty band, at best.

Some history first. In 1979, avant-garde British band, Pink Floyd, sets a new standard for the concept album with its epic of alienation and insanity, *The Wall*. In 1991, a four-piece rock-

ing band, aside from the nomenclature in the title. Even better is their howling '97 debut, *Havin' for Certain*. If you really want to know what a great band they can be, check out either of those albums, instead.

Wright does score by bring-

ing big Floyd fans who would find this a tough listen.

It makes you wonder whether Roger Waters really needed the royalty money to okay this one.

Spike

By Andrea Nunes



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Factory Records

Peanuts & Corn For a few years, *Peanuts & Corn* Records has been one of Canada's fastest-rising indie hip hop labels. With successful product out by *Fermented Reptile*, *Park-Like Setting*, and other Winnipeg artists, label head Rod Bailey (aka mcneen) has moved from the prairies to Vancouver and added some west coast talent to his stable. Now, *Peanuts & Corn* has a sampler of new and unveiled material, strangely titled *Factory Records*, to add to the constant stream of new releases.

Producer/rapper mcneen does most of the production on this album, and *The Gumshoe Strut* and *Gordiki* make a few contributions. *Factory Records* has plenty of banging beats and

original samples, mostly strings and guitar, although several of the tracks lack in bottom. Typical content, generally in the hallmarks of P&C material, and *Factory Records* demonstrates perhaps the best rhyming and by far the most mic presence on the roster, both in his tracks and in his group *Fermented Reptile*. The other artists hold down as well, polysyllabically shooting down wack MCs, corporate MCs, wack corporate MCs, and corporate MCs, generally in the "Earnings Warnings" and "Good Corporate Citizen", mcneen pairs his anticon-like vocal styles with his own production on these issues. While the social commentary is well-informed and welcome, a few numbers find artists just having a good time (see "Legos" by Yy and *The Gumshoe Strut*), and introspection gets a word in edge-wise on tracks like "Rainy Day" by Josh Martinez. Notably, one of the most powerful moments of the album finds Pip Skid discussing an attempted rape his mother experienced. Other tracks devote more time to the issue of misogyny, adding to the rails against discrimination that fill many of this compilation's 64 minutes. Doing what needs to be done in this manner is what largely defines *Peanuts & Corn* as a label, thankfully one of the least jiggly crews out there.

Michael Shwandt

VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL REVIEWS...

The Legend of Teddy Edwards

The Legend of Teddy Edwards is a loving tribute to one of the great unsung heroes of the tenor saxophone and jazz. Theodore Marcus Edwards was born in Jackson, Mississippi on April 26, 1924. Teddy tells his own story of his youth in Jackson, then his move to Detroit in 1940 and his early career and musical deeds playing in territory bands and blues groups. Landing in Los Angeles in 1944 (as an alto saxophonist and clarinetist), he found the hotbed of music was Central Avenue in Watts. From 1944 to 1949 Central Avenue was the home of every kind of jazz and every kind of club from the huge Club Alabam to the little "after hour" joints. Central Avenue was as important to jazz in LA as 52nd Street was to jazz in New York. Central Avenue featured Rhythm and Blues bands, big bands (Lionel Hampton, Duke Ellington, etc.) and small groups that were reflecting the new sounds of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie called bebop or as the musicians preferred "modern jazz." Central Avenue boomed, munitions plants brought people into the city and everyone was employed and had money. Central Avenue was cookin'! It all came to a crashing halt in 1949 due to an economic downturn, fifties middle class values setting in but most of all the onset of tough rules and regs regarding clubs and a vehemently racist LAPD (a huge number of new recruits were white southern "crackers"). The police harassed the clubs, busted heads and despised the friendly mixing of the races that Central Avenue and jazz music brought about.

Teddy talks modestly and eloquently about his heroin addiction, (he "clean" by 1952), his marriage and subsequent divorce, the birth of his son, Teddy Junior, (who makes some lucid statements in the film) and how he missed out on jazz history. He preceded Harold Land in the historic Max Roach-Clefido Brown Quintet but

had to leave the band in LA and go to San Francisco to attend the birth of his son. Like his saxophone playing, Teddy is honest and straightforward. He is also an arranger and composer of word and music. His two closest friends, Clara Bryant (a female trumpet player who began her career as a teenager on Central Avenue), vocalist Ernie Andrews as well as senior Jazz Historian Dan Morgenstern are heard at length as well but it is the statements of Teddy Edwards Jr. that have the most impact and insight into his father.

Along with all the talk and history is the music of Mr. Edwards, the movie includes full tunes played by his present working band plus very commentary by the members of his group.

Now, Teddy works every weekend with his band, even though he is in his mid '70s. He is playing as well as ever. As Teddy says, "When I start to sound bad I'll quit... I'll hang it up, man." Judging by his present day playing in the film, "hangin' up" his horn will take a long time. The only major niggling I have with the movie is one short vintage scene with young Teddy (around 1959) and his group playing his most famous composition, "Sunset Eyes." The members of his band are unidentified. Teddy could have been asked who they were but wasn't.

This is a wonderful and warm portrait of a Jazz musician who is still undervalued unrecognized only because he chose to stay in LA and not to relocate to "The Big Apple."

Gavin Walker

Gavin is host of *The Jazz Show* on CTR Monday evenings from 9:00 pm to midnight. *Lives in on November 12 when I'll be presenting an hour and a half (9:30 pm to 11:00 pm) of one of the true bosses of the tenor saxophone...* Teddy Edwards!

MORE VIFF REVIEWS ON PAGE 26...

ONE MAN'S VIEW OF (MOST OF) SHINDIG 2001

Following over two decades of Vancouver independent music tradition, CTR's legendary SHINDIG Battle of the Bands carried on at the venerable Railway Club (one of the few places in this city that seems to have any character whatsoever since the Commodore received its embalmer's-style makeover). The September 25th round was carried by *Restore*, a drums, bass and vocals avant-jazz trio. Their smoothly crooning vocalist contrasted well with her bandmates' percussive, dare I say aggressive, attacking of their instruments. The bassist did an excellent job of filling the empty melodic spaces by resorting to unconventional techniques such as playing the odd guitar-style power chord and using distortion and other effects. It was the drummer, though, who really stood out, hammering the hell out of his little jazz kit with passionate abandon. All in all, they sounded to me like *Portishead* meets some *John Zorn* project.

Two girls/one guy pop trio *Shrimpmat* also made a strong showing that night. Sweet girl vocals with an overall tint of eighties new-wavishness, the band, while not as blow-you-away-impressive as *Restore*, still made a good impression on the audience with their catchy, no-frills little numbers.

The evening's openers, *verticalsmile* (get it?) were a group of wholesome-looking young lads who played a commercial radio-friendly style of middle-of-the-road new-rock. The singer closed his eyes and danced around while he sang, kind of like *Asi Rose* used to do on the really emotional *Guns n' Roses* power ballads. Not really a bad band, just perhaps a bit more suited to the talent contests hosted by other local radio stations.

The following night of Shindig, held on October 2nd, was won by *Disco Incognito's* frenzied punkishness. With the singer/guitarist spewing forth in a demented-preacher-hellfire and brimstone fashion, backed by a wicked rhythm section featuring yet another high-energy drummer as well as a keyboardist summing up a slew of space sounds from his analog board, *Disco Incognito* succeeded in winning over the panel of judges.

Disco Incognito was followed by the solo acoustic comedy musings of *Mr. Plow*. While some of his numbers drew appreciative chuckles from the audience, his sometimes forced-sounding rhymes negated the effect of some of his material. By the end of his set, *Mr. Plow* seemed a tad pissed-off at the reaction (or lack thereof) from the audience and cut it short early. Oh well.

The final band of the night was the band whose name caused much confusion around the CTR offices since the Shindig Contestant list was tallied: *OASIS!!!* Were we to have our humble little contest graced by the presence of the loush monobrow Mancunians so beloved by the British tabloid press? Well, apparently no. Their name is pronounced "zero as is" (another shining example of side-splitting band-name humour) and they played eighties synth pop complete with fake leather trousers and fake English accents. Regaling the audience with smoke machines, displays of rock-star hedonism including (but not limited to) a bag of fake cocaine and a smoke machine, "zero as is" seemed quite disappointed that they did not win the coveted Prize Drumsticks despite all of their effort. Talking later to the vocalist, I learned that the reason that they did not win was their reliance on a drum machine, which automatically put them in the negative with such a "rockist" station as CTR which "didn't understand" what they were trying to do. Sorry, but I think that the reason that they didn't win was that while they were a pretty brilliant joke, they were, nonetheless, still a joke. I think that maybe they read too much into the symbolism of the Prize Drumsticks.

The next show was won by the evening's first band to perform: *Six Black Radials*. A trio of young women, their catchy vocal har-

SHINDIG 2001 by Mike S



Disco Incognito



Shrimpmat



OASIS



Mr. Plow



Restore



verticalsmile



Motorcycle Man

22 november 2001

monies backed up by solid, muscular riffs, managed to sway the judges in their favour. When this band's instrumental musicianhip reaches the level of their vocals and offers a bit more variety to their sound they could really become a force to be reckoned with on the Vancouver music scene. Hell, they're still young, by the looks of it. Give 'em a few years.

Next up were *Flipswitch* A tight-sounding new-school-semi-punk band, they once again presented the evening's judges with the "good band but better suited for commercial radio's dilemma so common to Shindig. Though generally pleasing sounding, their overall vibe was a little too similar to what is heard around the clock on our local "alternative" stations. Talking to the judges after the show, the general consensus seemed to be that bands of this genre have all the help that they need out there in commercial radio in terms of contests and airplay. Sure, maybe it's a bit of a pro-underdog bias on our part, but hell, somebody's got to root for the underdog, right?

Tuesday the 23rd of October was, so far as last, one of the most consistently sold nights of this year's Shindig. The evening began with *Ether's Void*. They were pretty much like the band last week that didn't win due to their radio-friendliness. They didn't win for the same reason.

They were followed on stage by *Mermaid Engine*. Sounding like a cross between, say, *Jane's Addiction* and some semi-electronic band like *Econoline Crush*, these guys presented a set of firecracker-tunes. While the audience was a bit taken aback by the taped electronic sample interludes which began each number, the overall

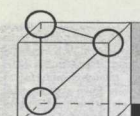
effect went over well. If their sound had not been rendered so shrill and off-balance by all of the evening's band's equipment piled in front of the bass speakers, they could well have won the round.

That's not to minimize the quality of the set played by *Bestest*, the night's final band. By the time this pop-punk trio came onstage, the Railway Club was nearly empty. Whereas many bands would have thrown in the towel at this point, these lads played their asses off. Straddling the fine line between melody and power, musician-ship and abandon, *Bestest* rocked the house. Maybe the beer in me was making me all weepy-eyed and sentimental, but the sight and sound of this band giving their all despite the lacklustre crowd was pretty damn awesome. That attitude is what Shindig is all about, dammit, and the judges seemed to agree as *Bestest* carried away the Prize Drumsticks that night.

One comment that I have to make, though, before signing off is that whether a band wins or not is often determined by how good the competition is on a given night. For instance, a band that won on a night where the competition sucked could easily have lost against a band that came in second on a night where the competition was tougher. I know it would really complicate things, but I wonder if it would be possible to bring in some sort of cumulative-point system to determine who makes it to the finals. It's just a thought.

Well, anyway, that's what I've seen of Shindig so far. I strongly urge anyone out there with a free Tuesday night to head down to the Railway to check it out. It's good wholesome fun. *

Mike S



realive action

live music reviews

THE DAMNED THE NASTY ON THE SWINGING UTTERS Friday, September 21

Cannons Ballroom
Disliked by the '76 punks for being unable to hide their hippy past, the Damned have nevertheless proved to be relatively enduring and probably should eventually have gone to a Tap scene revolving line up and they have been condemned to the farewell/reunion tour treadmill since about 1986.

This tour sees the return of frontman Captain Sensible (he's quit and returned at least three times) with singer Dave Vanian's missus Patricia Morrison on bass. Something of a group super-sub, she's propped up the later line-ups of the Gun Club and the Sisters of Mercy, so on paper this could be the most satisfying version of the Damned since their 1988 tour featuring all four original members. In reality, the results are patchy to say the least. "Love Song," "Grimly Fiendish," "Eloise," etc. are rousing enough, but does anybody have a use for a four minute version of "I'm Not Next"? How about "New Rose" with a dubbed-out middle eight and a twiddle guitar solo? New album, *Crucial Disorder*, is heavily featured and you've got to admire their confidence in choosing to ignore gratitude crowd-pleasers like "I Think I'm Wonderful" and "Nasty." However, the restless crowd indicated I wasn't the only one wishing they'd reach into their past a bit more frequently.

Tragically, I missed The Nasty On, but experience tells me they must have blown the second opening act off the stage. The Swinging Utters play graceful punk-rock whose sole nod to originality consists of a talent-free (and largely redundant) accordionist. They fall somewhere between a "Cut the Crap" or Clash and a post-Shank Puggies, only (believe it or not) worse.

BOSSANOVA NIGHTLY SHARKFORCE MARCEL DE MONTIGNI Saturday, September 29 Progression Mixed Media Gallery

Worldwide Domination productions brought us this evening of post-rock pandemonium against the backdrop of the Progression Art Gallery (an excellent venue on Hastings soon to be shut down due to

city regulations) and a new exhibit there entitled "Exhibit F: Art in Progress" featuring a variety of pieces (visual, textual, dolls) from young Vancouver artists. All proceeds went to support the American Red Cross efforts in New York and Washington, DC.

I missed Marcel de Montigni (a.k.a. Tyler Mountaineer) solo, former bassist for the *Instrument* and one of the driving forces behind *Worldwide Domination* by seconds, but the general consensus among people I talked to was that he was good. He was followed within 20 minutes by the evening's highlight, **Sharkforce**, leading the way in post-Tortoise backlash in Vancouver. The only band playing tonight that I've seen before is can anticipate another terrific show—if you can ever really be prepared for the intensity and energy that pours off a band like this. This sort of power that can and does send palpable shock waves through the audience. Not only were the songs brilliant, the visual performance aspect of the show was an end in itself, from the dramatic messianic posturing of the lead guitarist to the trance-like hyper-kinesis of the drummer, and right back around to the obscene sophistication of the bassist. This person's chemistry between the band members is how they can pull off what would otherwise be lacking lyrics (they opened the set with a song the title of which I can only presume to be "Refrigerator")—the style of the performance makes them worth listening to—a totally successful renovation and reinvention of punk conventions. Another plus was the semi-hostile audience banter between songs.

The charged atmosphere induced by Sharkforce did nothing to enhance the performance of Nicely Nicely, whose brand of benevolent enthu-pop denied lacking in comparison to their predecessors' calculated antagonism. Wearing suits and hopping nervously, they blared out song after song of decent but uninspired pop rock towards the end of the set. However, as they seemed to get a hold on the atmosphere and became more confident in their own material, their performance improved and the room filled up again with happily nodding scoters.

The final act of the night was **Bossanova**, for whom the lights were dimmed and a fresh batch of friends of the Red Cross herded in. As the rest of the band got ready, the lead guitarist took the stage for a quick solo set, chewing gum and carrying off a wicked Morrissey impression. The last of his exceptionally well-played songs

was a cover of "Anyone Who Really Had a Heart," although initially garnering a few shocked stares, the confidence and expression with which he played made the song listenable and powerful. Always hits you when you least expect it. The band itself played equally well, mixing a good blend of technical skill with sincere enjoyment of their music—if you're into that kind of thing—even succeeding in prompting a few of the aforementioned scoters to dance. The 20-minute jam tacked on at the end, however, was truly terrible. I spent the latter 10 minutes conspiring ways I could disrupt the set, like maybe I could just casually walk by the stage, pretend to trip and knock out the key boardist's patch cord (he struck me as being the most obnoxious)... just horrible.

I'll leave the art reviews to the experts, but the piece directed opposite the stage (signed "KATIE" or Katie Piasta, according to the card on the wall next to it) was too good to be missed: the piece was called "Pick-up Line #69" and it was made out of two large panels of rough wood painted green with life-size, ghost-like figures in the centre. On the left panel was a woman wearing a dress and a man behind her cupping his head. On the right panel was the air above him it says "This could be WWII we should do it." Then on the next panel it's just the woman, smiling and naked, and it says, "OK then." The woman's '60s-groom, swept-over hairstyle and absence of pubic hair made this one a killer.

DONATION REFRAINS feat. KIM CASNOE BEN NEVILLE DJs CONSTRUCT + TOBIAS CJID + ERIC JOVIAN FRANCEY ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE Saturday, September 29 Video In Studios

The performance end of the Refrains: Music Politics Aesthetics conference/performance was a raging success. I came expecting a more chin-scratching than ass-shaking and ended up with loads of both and some fun surprises, too. Unfortunately, I missed Artificial Intelligence but was told that it was a raw exploration of techno from these up-and-coming locals. Vancouver's Jovian Francey served up some ramshackle nuts-and-bolts beats, fascinatingly arrhythmic in a cold, detached vein reminiscent of Autechre. He was all over the place, though, mixing in the saddy unsexy buzz of a live vibrator, a few funny vocal samples from what sounded

like a radio ad for penis enlargement, and puzzling visuals (provided by the Video In) that alternated between geometric shapes and some weird, home-video type footage of a guy in a radiation suit.

A few giggles and a stroke of the gattee later, Cid + Eric from Seattle were up. Their performance consisted mainly of ambient drones and later on, a few clicks and barely-there percussive elements, but it was the visuals that stole the show. Their music fused perfectly with some nicely-chosen segments from *Rene LeLux's Fantastic Planet* to create a perfectly ominous, cinematic atmosphere. I was glued to my spot until the set ended with the escape of the little Oms from the clutches of the menacing blue giants.

There was a short break, followed by the long-awaited performance of San Francisco microsound artist and respected writer **Kim Casnoe**, fresh from his recent releases on Mille Plateaux. Even in the day he provided a keynote speech on the "Aesthetics of Failure" for the conference end of Refrains. Until his set began, I took the free earplugs at the front of the Video In as a novelty, but once his sublime ambient noise onslaught was underway, I was damn glad I had them—the volume was deafening. It was a little loud at first, but laying back in a soft couch in the corner and letting the ocean of sound annihilate my frontal lobes, I was soon swimming blissfully in the sea of static, thinking what a particle of light must hear of this. I was covered through a fiber optic cable. I was sorry when it was over.

Victoria's **Ben Neville** was up next, and he didn't disappoint, coming through with some late-back micro-house grooves, simply arranged but overflowing with glitchy funk and granulated minimal dub. It was exactly what was needed to finally get people up and swaying. As soon as he wrapped up, Tobias and Construct set up shop and quickly turned the joint upside down, laying down some experimental techno and electro tracks that positively exploded with danceability. How so much funk can squeeze out of such a sweetly micro-scope bass is beyond me, but I was right up front shaking my ass with everybody else. When I finally headed home swayed and satisfied, there was n't a soul in the place standing still. A fitting end to the Open Circuits Festival and the best free show I've seen in ages.

Sidon BUCK 65 Sunday, September 30 Sonar Buck 65 (a.k.a. Stinkin Rich, a.k.a. Rich Terfly of Helium) has been one of the Maritimes' most prolific hip hop artists since the

early '90s, finally getting some increased widespread recognition recently when Californian label Anticon Records released his *Man Overboard* album. With or without any American arbiters of cred, Buck 65 puts on an impressive one-man live show.

In his recent Vancouver appearance, the live vocal delivery was far more enthusiastic than the donkey that Buck 65 brings to releases like *Man Overboard* and his *Language Arts* albums. Although he never seemed especially worked up, he kept things fun by using a few different voices to praise himself, tell strikingly personal stories, and give shout-outs to his favourite foods.

Having spent over a decade hosting a program at Dalhousie University's CKDU, Buck 65 has heard his share of bores and there's almost nothing that he won't incorporate into his live set. The samples that he throws into the mix show just how open he is to ideas that most others would write off as bad. Using turntables, as well as some electronics that gave him trouble all night, he put down the mic a few times to demonstrate a decent repertoire of scratches.

The crowd that assembled was unjustly small, but happy to be there. Only a few got loose enough to actually dance, but all of the heads in the venue had some nodding in unison throughout Buck 65's set. Unfortunately (but inevitably), one of Vancouver's most preposterous bylaws brought the show to an end by midnight.

Michael Schwartz

SIGUR ROS St. Andrews-Wesley Church Monday, October 1

I marvelled at the church setting—the hymn list on the wall, the pews, the mass of worshippers. To my relief, **Sigur Ros** hadn't taken the stage yet.

A while later, four spindly guys took the stage. From where I was sitting, the lights made them look larger than life for the duration of their lengthy set. Jon Birgisson sang like a Vienna Choir Boy, played his guitar with a bow and even sang into it. It was really his voice and some home-made or some girl on the record. I was amazed.

One song became another and another. It was a little like being at a symphony. My mind wandered and then returned to the beautiful music. When the show was over, the audience gave **Sigur Ros** a standing ovation, which was met by the band's bowing in acknowledgment. The show was so long that there was no expectation of an encore. People were pleased, but I felt a little conflicted. The uplifting moments were tempered by a song featuring some from the wooden pews. And like the church services that I

the (sugar refinery)
presents the
month of the
lazy sunrise
- november -
4 months after
valentines day..

friday the golden
02 wedding band
(formerly wabstics)
satos jazz
seduction with
the colorifics

A-10m fri sat
the lazy press
a new funny play
by mick caurette

SUN 04
ivan klipstein
(wisconsin)
+ man at arms
(armstrong)

monday
julie doiron
(wooden stars, eric tip)
christine fellows
early and late show
every tuesday
paraphrase jazz parties
hosted by steph bracks
and maza anza
weds 05
06 newworks filmfest
thurs 7-4
thurs 08 and wilsen
08 and chris
kelly electronic
Fri closed

Sat springer and
10 doxcommun
sunday large jazz
wed 14
teethache
experiment..

thurs 15
resin
fri 16
cunt
sat 17
Kevin house
sunday
18 25 suaves
with canned harm
weds 21
uncle bomb
thurs 21
color thief

Fri howard park
23 presents
Hops and no brains
sat 24
JP carter
weds 28
quarant
28 Ben Wilson
+ Mitch Benney
thurs 29
Parlour steps
Fri 30 the butt has chaps
sat 01 colorifics
weds 05 Ford Pier

recall from yesteryear, enlightenment was accompanied flashes of sleepiness, possibly from boredom. This makes me think that the show was a true religious experience.

Dorella

HAWSLEY WORKMAN AND THE WOLVES

LILY FROST

Thursday, October 4

Richards on Richards

Having recently become familiar with the music of *Hawesley Workman*, I was curious to see how his brand of esoteric post-industrial folk-reggae would translate into a live setting. Indeed, Hawesley puts on a show to remember—complete with extended rants about his former life as a dog and the Turkey carving abilities of keyboardist "Mr. Loney" to a spontaneous rendition of "White Christmas," there was never a dull or contrived moment to be seen or heard. Instead, Workman somehow managed to be completely over-the-top and ridiculous while still seeming sincere.

Unfortunately, to witness this spectacle one had to first endure the karaoke night that was Lily Frost's set. Complete with feather boa, drum machine and a keyboardist playing synth bass, Frost followed her first song, which seemed promising until she insisted upon dancing to it. The band's collection of half-hearted songs that seemingly aimed to insult as many musical styles as possible in 45 minutes.

As the Hawkman, by contrast, was able to inject life into each one of his songs. We were treated mostly to material from his latest album (*Last Night We Were*) *The Delicious Wolves*, including recent hits "The Pease" and "Jealous of Your Cigarette." Thankfully, those who came solely to hear the former were bewildered and curious enough to spend the night with a really strange man.

Daryl Wile

APPLES IN STEREO

Friday, October 5

Richards on Richards

I'd never had the pleasure of Elephant 6 band (with *Neutal Milk Hotel* running a close second) the Apples, for quite some time. Friends who had seen them were reported to have fun with plenty of smiles from both the band and audience alike. Consistency is what this Denver five-piece should be known for since smiles were the fashion of the evening.

Unfortunately, the Minders, who put on a wonderful show of baroque keyboards and English-inspired guitar melodies a couple of months back, didn't show for reasons unknown. If you missed their show at the Starfish let shame rain down on you.

The Apples started off with new-wave stuff from *Discovery* looking at each other and smiling while playing their instruments like members of the Partridge Family. Much to the pleasure of

you're truly the Apples played a lot of old favourites including songs that they claim they haven't played in over five years: the most memorable of those being the instrumental "Turncoat Indian" and the not-so-old Beatles' "Strawberry." The sound was fair, as Richard's always seems to be. The band showed up a little late resulting in a few humorous pauses between sets. My only complaint of the night was that the lovely voice of drummer,



Photo Michelle Furber

The Apples In Stereo: Smiles are free.

Hilario Diller, did not grace our presence. Robert Schneider, the chief songwriter and band-leader, looked good on something more than life for the duration of the show, repeatedly saying, "Take care of yourselves" in an overly sincere voice as the band said their farewells before Richard's was consumed by legions of bar stools. The band has recently talked about getting back in the studio, and fans of Robert's solo work can look forward to a new *Marbles* album.

Robert Robot

NILS PETER MOLVAER

Friday, October 5

Sonar

Nils Peter Molvaer delighted the audience by his musical performance on October 5 at Sonar. Nils is a reputable musical entertainer from Norway, having performed in various countries around the world. His CDs *KHYMER* and *Solid Ether*. In his performance, he connected stylistic extremes: jazz, ambient, house, electronic and breaks, easily melting them into convincing soundscapes of deep intensity.

Massive beats and throbbing grooves underpinned the trumpeter's fiery solos. His jazz presentation was quite appealing. He also presented himself as a rock session player.

In his performance, Nils brought jazz's freedom together with the sounds of pop and rock. Most of all, the electronic collages and the furious, driving beats spoke most eloquently through Molvaer's trumpet. The audience sure enjoyed his superb performance.

Raj

IVA BITTOVA

Friday, October 5
Vancouver East Cultural

It all made sense until she brought out the kazoo. All of it: the fusion of jazz and folk violin; the hints of the classical and surreal; the shrieking, yelping, howling in both English and Czech, all of it made sense until she brought out the kazoo. Followed by the baby rattle and the bells. *Iva Bittova* is a genius; she can take any household object and turn it into a musical



Photo Michelle Furber

instrument. She has an uncanny ability to pick up music in the oddest places (street noises, the conversations of children, etc.). It didn't matter that things stopped making sense because the crazier they got, the better the music was. Her performance was also lively and personable. While playing her violin, she moved around the stage, between the audience and behind the velvet red curtains of the Cultch. Her songs alternated between melancholy and child-like happiness. Most appropriate, however, was the song she ended with: "Divina Slecinka." Strange young woman.

Rana El-Sabawi

TRIO IMPROVISATION : PEGGY LEE, LORI FREEDMAN, AND IVA BITTOVA

Saturday, October 6
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

After the first few minutes of this improv showed it was obvious that Bittova was leading and that Lee and Freedman were either following or keeping things together, and having a great time. For a while, it seemed that Lori Freedman did not know what to do while Iva Bittova improvised vocally and on her violin. But she caught up eventually and made the most incredible noises on her bass clarinet. Iva went backstage (still singing) and got her bag of trinkets. Out came the kazoo and Lori appeared dumbfounded and truly amazed while Iva played it in her face. Once again Bittova was leading. Peggy Lee kept it all together with her cello, which she played wonderfully. I wished that I'd heard more of her during the show. The show was quite an impressive (and humorous) metaphor for interactions and conversa-

tions between women, an appropriate end to the Vox Femina series by New Music

Rana El-Sabawi

TURF ZINE BIRTHDAY PARTY: EWOKS BIRTHDAY MACHINE

BATTLE CREEK
Saturday, October 6
Ms. T's Cabaret

Picture a scene from a sensationalist mob movie. There is a table stacked with weapons, a crowd is gathered around to gander at the merchandise through a smoky haze accentuated by one kitschy, hanging overhead light. Someone steps up, lays the money down and walks off with the goods.

Give this script to a surrealist to rewrite and they might twist in the pen is mightier than the sword theory, and change the shady ruffians into idealistic young artists and bookish hipsters. Now comics, poetry and prose are pursued and traded. Too far fetched? Well nevertheless, that is pretty much what the *Turf Zine's* birthday party looked like down at Ms. T's that night, kitschy light and all.

Oh, and there were bands, doctored. The *Ewoks* tortured everybody with minimalist, snotty, post riot grrrr, keyboard spaz. This was as amusing as it was somewhat tedious. The band was a band of hydrophobic CEOs on a sinking ship. Lots of fun, ya know, and more punk than most guitar-carrying dopes with dyed hair. God bless them, anyway. Try this shit in high school and get mauled by an ape in a jersey.

The *Birthday Machine* proved, again, to be one of Vancouver's most competent, unband bands. I heard shades of Low with some *Galaxie 500* (at times) floating around here and there. The subtlety of the BM is what I remember later. They have the consistent pace of a band that doesn't care much about fleeting, short-term thrills, only the practice and maintenance of structured, low-key sound. Their limited repertoire, which was available on CDR and covered by stitched felt. Very DIY.

The place filled. The show sold out. The atmosphere had become a truly warm, intimate groove somehow made its way through the smog to the happy crowd. Tired, hot and stinky, I decided to spit a bit early, saying goodbye to the smiling, relieved faces of the *Turf* henchmen. Nice kids. Good futures ahead.

Black Forest Poster

THE FAINT
RADIO BERLIN
NOW IT'S OVERHEAD
Monday, October 8
Starfish Room
The October 8 concert at the

Starfish was the *Faint's* first Canadian visit. So who do you have open for the highly dramatic, now-was-it-never-which is the *Faint's* trademark? Nobody had to look too hard or too far. Vancouver's own Radio Berlin were way freakin' obvious, and what a great way to celebrate the new-wave *Drone* album. Sure, references to the *Cure* are always made and they get an ass-load of grief from the locals, but Radio Berlin is getting due respect as exotic imports from other, less cynical lands. Besides, they're way more Gang of Four these days!

No, no, you're right, they weren't the first band. The fun began with Saddle Creek Record's first non-Nebraska signed band *Now It's Overhead*. Four kids with that starving student look about them, dreaming about a better world. Tonight was my first exposure to this (yet another) band from Athens, Georgia, and it was an impressive first impression. The rhythms took some original turns and the lyrics, sung by the '98 pound weakling, were emotionally provoking. The album was bought by yours truly and hangs in my closet as one of the live show, if not more. All in all better than average indie rock, perhaps not what most of this crowd wanted but appreciated in the end.

Vanessa Faint's claim to have changed their original tactic, from a guitar band to more electronic and keyboard oriented synth-rock in order to produce a more entertaining live experience that's not boring, they gave. Even a frigid Vancouver audience displayed signs of what could be mistaken for dancing! I know, kinda frighten. The *Faint's* show was a far cry from the previous album from the new recruit, playing the sure-fire crowd pleasers, "Call Call," "Agenda Suicide," "Poised to Death," "The Conductor" and ending with the crazily spiky "Worked Up Sex Sexual." I used special press privileges to sneak back and meet them, but they wouldn't let me. They were too busy talking. They just sat there looking exhausted. I walked outside and suddenly it was 20 years later again.

Black Forest Ham

ELVEZ
Monday, October 8
Richards on Richards
Taking the stage in full boxing gear may be a nod to Elvis's "Kid Galahad" but Elvez is far from your typical Elvis impersonator. "Say It Loud, I'm Brown And Proud" takes James Brown's funk template and re-jigs it as a Latino pride anthem. "Lust for Christ" is a punk rock hymn based on Iggy Pop's "Lust for Life," while "If I Can Dream" is a Vegas era Elvis rendition of Bowie's "Rock'n'Roll Suicide" with the guitar licks and vocal mannerisms of the Beatles' "Oh Darling."

Although billed as the second coming of his gospel show, this was a slimmed down version of the original, which came to Vancouver in 1998. His backing band, the now-was-it-never-which is the *Faint's* trademark? Nobody had to look too hard or too far. Vancouver's own Radio Berlin were way freakin' obvious, and what a great way to celebrate the new-wave *Drone* album. Sure, references to the *Cure* are always made and they get an ass-load of grief from the locals, but Radio Berlin is getting due respect as exotic imports from other, less cynical lands. Besides, they're way more Gang of Four these days!

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The new band is essentially the same, but the new guitar player (whose volume never seemed to surpass two anyway). But like his old band, when he rocks, he summons this inexhaustible energy that has a domineering quality, rarely gaily, and with the towering melodies to match. Also like his old band, the ballads end up lacking that spontaneous "I'm a Believer" quality.

The quirky pop formula would've gotten stale had Ben Folds not eventually left his piano seat, took centre stage and donned his demonic, "Rock on!" persona. Sure, the satire in his great new single, "Rockin' the Suburbs" was pretty one-dimensional, but it wasn't as smirk-coated as his previous work. He tried to try to win. It wasn't until the very end of the song when Folds actually started screaming and jumping and yelling, "Pain!"

And then I seemed forgiven after a special solo encore of five (five!) shimmering BF5 songs. It was at this point of the concert that Folds demonstrated that he is the greatest rock pianist that has ever lived! You can find better songwriting, singing and musical dexterity around, but maybe not all at the same time by one person, live.

If you've ever attempted to sing while busting out wild piano licks and solos at a blurring speed, you know how much harder it is than singing while playing guitar.

Ending in an insane "Song for the Dumped" jam (complete with mellotron solo) topped it off quite appropriately. While it wasn't genius or salvation, it was certainly more than anyone could've expected!

Mark Rosini

SUPERSUCKERS

FLASH BASTARD

Sunday, October 14

Richard's on Richards

When I predicted that maybe, after *Must've Been High* and the subsequent jamboree in May, the cocaine and whiskey-filled nights of yesteryear were over for **The Supersuckers**. I was right. Better judgement told me not to attend the show, because of my prediction. In consolation, I was glad to have seen them when they were young and belligerent, and when they are old and depressing. I didn't need further proof of this. My musical taste had put them to bed, in other words.

When a friend dragged me out to see them the other night, promising a "sure-thing," I made sure it was going to be a whiskey night and an experiment in audio neutrality. I was going to review the performance this time. Relaxed. Focused. And they had better be ready for me.

The show started. Flash

Bastard were okay. I especially liked their amplifiers. Matchless [Not true, man—C Min]. Like Silkworm's amps. I wondered if the guy from Flash Bastard liked Silkworm. I wondered if Silkworm liked Flash Bastard. I know that Silkworm likes a band called Beef Magnet, but this is Flash Bastard. Not Beef Magnet. The whiskey was good. Damn good. I began to lose sight of the reason for being there.

As I was becoming more aware of my surroundings, I heard **The Supersuckers** announce that they were "The best Rock and Roll Band in the World." The crowd cheered and their naiveté started to annoy me. They probably would have cheered if this was a Christian country/jazz revue. A revue that offered \$6 beers, and a \$16 price tag on the ticket. It was true. The evil powers that drove this legendary Seattle/Tucson band were gone. While the band was tight, there was nothing new material-wise and there was definitely a "been there, done that" feeling after the show among the rock and roll die-hards.

I took comfort in knowing that I had the right to decline future invitations to attend shows, which I knew were going to annoy me.

Black Magnuson

TURN THE PAGE. TURN THE PAGE. AND THERE WILL BE MORE REAL LIVE ACTION THERE.

DJ ASSAULT

DANA D

Thursday, October 18

Sonar

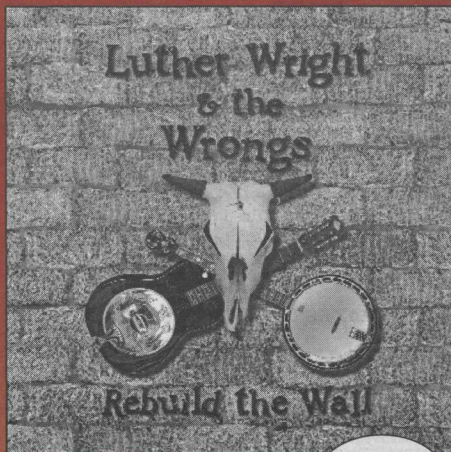
DJ Assault holds the record for the longest freestyle poem about "My Nuts." It wasn't entirely his fault. After all, his nuts are cop killers and Scooby Doo snacks, and when it comes right down to the nut-action, United Airlines *did* lose his records, meaning that he had to make do with Dana D's selection of jungle, hip-hop, and about four ghetto-tech records. (Which begs the question: why didn't they call Vancouver's infamous Ghetto-Tech DJ, DJ Glyn? He could have pulled up and handed over a crate of booty-it-n-ass-bach-12's and Assault would have looked at him and gone: "DJ Glyn is [my] nuts.")

Assault still blew the lid off the place with some insane scratching and a "Happy Birthday" song (it was his birthday) and freestyle rapping and some quick cut mixing and his gregarious, friendly personality on the mic (if you can get past the whole Ghetto-Tech thang and realize that, at least in my opinion, it is playful sexuality and not downright misogynist—for I count Peaches in the G-Tech fold...). Star Watch: up front and central (hanging over the railing, to be precise) was Ishkur.com's infamous cur himself, fresh from

LUTHER WRIGHT & THE WRONGS

IN CONCERT

- NOVEMBER 14 THURSDAY'S (VICTORIA)
- NOVEMBER 15, 16 THE RAILWAY CLUB
- NOVEMBER 17 ARTS CLUB BACKSTAGE LOUNGE



13⁹⁹ CD

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The Old Ripper**

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**13th Three Inches of Blood
The Organ
Restore**

**20th Disco Incognito
Motorcycle Man
Six Block Radius**

**27th Bestest
Silt**

***winner of Nov. 6th**

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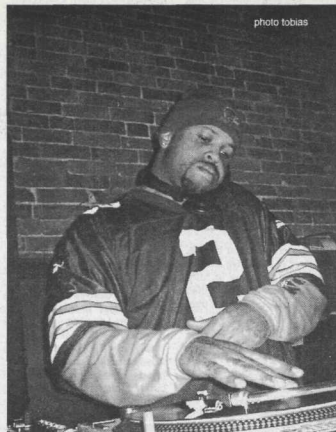
bigRock
BREWERY

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INSTITUTE
www.trebas.com

being tossed a possible lawsuit by Oprah's lawyers (right on, Ish, keep it up).

The rest of the night went something like this: Assault tries to play some so-so records that he doesn't know, gets frustrated, gets on the mic and successfully hypes the crowd while he raps over a CD of his new release. You've got to give him credit for doing the absolute best with the shittiest situation. Word to Assault, and hopefully next time he's in town, he'll have his records and we'll get to see him whiz through the ass 'n' titties set so fast it'll knock your teeth out and force you to bite your friend's nuts.

Shows coming up that you must see: THE HALL, NOVEMBER 20TH at THE CROCODILE in SEATTLE, ANGELS OF LIGHT, DECEMBER 8TH at THE STARFISH ROOM, CRIMINAL RECORD = STELLAR RECORDS!



DJ Assault: Poet laureate of "nuts".

MORE VIFF REVIEWS THAT WOULDN'T FIT ANYWHERE ELSE...

MULLET

Not reading the blurb about a film festival movie and just going to it based on assumptions that you gathered from its name alone is wrong. But I grew up in an asshole-of-the-universe town and I've seen my share of mullets. That kind of exposure to a cultural phenomenon burdens a person with a number of assumptions about what a movie called *Mullet* should really be about.

Fully expunging the mullet of my youth, I pictured burnt out glue addict relics from the '80s—those thirty year olds that religiously showed up at bush parties, stealing your beer, answering to names like Johnny Six-pack and Hurlin' Burton, blatantly advertising their general failure to be useful and their horribly scared livers—I, instead, experienced small town Australian melodrama. As I watched, I kept cursing myself for not thinking my movie choice out more clearly. Firstly, the description in the guide mentions none of the situations that my mental picture evokes. Secondly, the movie is Australian, not Canadian, and therefore has no relation to my high school bush parties. And, thirdly, mullet is not only the clichéd fashion faux pas that cool kids point at and laugh, but also a kind of fish that people who eat fish think is gross.

The movie started off with promise. There was this guy who, not only lived in a trailer on the outskirts of some small little shithole town, but also had this awful haircut and drove one of those El Camino-esque truck/car monstrosities. But rather than turning out to be the social reject that I half expected, he ended up being more of a rebel outcast—an ugly James Dean—"Breaking All The Rules(!)" and trying to scandalously steal his brother's wife. I get real bored pretty quickly, and it didn't take long for me to get tired of whatever it was that was going on. Every once in a while, though, I would look around and see people laughing and smiling and I wondered what they could possibly be laughing at.

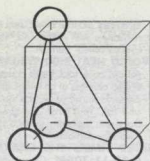
Ian Mosby

HE DIED WITH A FALAFEL IN HIS HAND

This movie was funny. When my jumbo sized coke had finally filtered its way through my system and I had to go to the washroom near the middle of the movie, I became unhealthily anxious mid-pee, pleading desperately for my urine to sufficiently drain while cringing in horror as sounds of laughter from upstairs echoed through the ventilation grates. When I got back to my seat, it seemed that nothing important had happened (nothing important really happens throughout the whole movie) but I felt awful, like someone had torn out the page of the book that I was reading and then thrown it in a soggy wet ball on the ground.

I'm not sure why I enjoyed the movie so thoroughly. It's a pretty standard Gen-X plot about a stereotypical, pathetic, slacker male. The main character is not only in his early thirties (dying his grey hairs with a jiffy marker), unemployed, lazy, a self-proclaimed "writer," and kind of greasy looking, but he also isn't so good with girls and he hides his inadequacies beneath an armour of heavy wit and sarcasm. The plot revolves around his various apartments, which he moves in and out of frequently throughout the film, and his various roommates, which include a Eurotrash lesbian witch, a crazy futuristic Japanese exchange student, a Marxist-Leninist moon, a bitchy narcissistic pseudo-actress, and a heroin addict man-child. I think the premise of the movie is one of those "soul-searching" sorts of things, but it's more funny than sappy, and devoid of preachiness. Even when people get shot, are almost burned alive, have a botched suicide attempt listening to Nick Cave records late at night, and die in front of the television, it's always with humour intact. I could call it a kind of Australian *Trainspotting*, but that would be dumb. It was a good movie and it had a silly name that made me want to go see it.

Ian Mosby



charts

what's being played at citr

November Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 set fire to flames | sings reigns rebuilders | alien8 |
| 2 aphex twin | drukqs | sire |
| 3 le tigre | feminist sweepstakes | mr. lady |
| 4 radio berlin | the selection drone | your best guess |
| 5 operation makeout | first base | mint |
| 6 new town animals | is your radio active? | mint |
| 7 gavin froome | post & beam | nordic traxx |
| 8 couch potatoes | cool ride | bloccnotes |
| 9 pole | r | scape |
| 10 various artists | team mint vol. 2 | mint |
| 11 death cab for cutie | the photo album | barsuk |
| 12 hot little rocket | danish documentary | endearing |
| 13 exploders | new vibrations | teenage usa |
| 14 faust | bbc sessions | cuneiform |
| 15 strokes | is this it? | rca |
| 16 fminus | suburban blight | hellcat |
| 17 stereolab | sounddust | elektra |
| 18 beat happening | crashing through sampler | k |
| 19 mad capsule markets | osc-dis | manga |
| 20 los straightjackets | sing along with... | avalanche |
| 21 international noise... | a new morning | epitaph |
| 22 modest mouse | everywhere and... | epic |
| 23 llorca | new comer | f |
| 24 dj spooky that... | under the influence | six degrees |
| 25 call and response | s/t | emperor norton |
| 26 spiritualized | let it come down | arista |
| 27 agnostic front | dead yuppies | epitaph |
| 28 ladytron | playgirl | emperor norton |
| 29 stratford 4 | the revolt against... | jet set |
| 30 beachwood sparks | once we were trees | sub pop |

November Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| 1 the exploders | what's what and... | teenage usa |
| 2 new town animals | lose that girl | mint |
| 3 the evaporators | hunk the horn | mint |
| 4 the locust | s/t | gsl |
| 5 butchies | where r we | mr.lady |
| 6 victims family | calling dr. | alt. tentacles |
| 7 the horizontalist | twenty feet behind | horizontal |
| 8 electro group | line of sight | omnibus |
| 9 five eight/clemente | kids wanna rock | moodswing |
| 10 clem snide | song for bob crane | self starter |
| 11 rhume | detective kalita | kelp |
| 12 the flaming stars | days like this | alt tentacles |
| 13 red hot lovers | s/t | redline |
| 14 enon | listen (while you talk) | self starter |
| 15 removal/joey shithood | 3 of 10 | removal |
| 16 common rider | am i on my own | lookout! |
| 17 the pattern | feverish | gsl |
| 18 the flash express | who stole the soul? | revenge |
| 19 tijuana bibles | mexican courage | traphy |
| 20 marmoset/tirpits | s/t | animal world |

November Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 six block radius | kill to hide |
| 2 red hot lovers | fuck or fight |
| 3 three inches of blood | conquerors... |
| 4 victorian pork | i just wanna beer |
| 5 Z28 | rape you down |
| 6 frihaven | blues musik |
| 7 sharp teeth | russian radio |
| 8 insipid | speed queen |
| 9 cheerleader | turn it on |
| 10 shut up marie | rainin like crazy |
| 11 tennesse twin | thoughts are occupied |
| 12 deadcats | psychocat |
| 13 mister nobu | c'mon wid your c'mon |
| 14 un jin | rain jacket |
| 15 bier gut | nightmare |
| 16 the lollies | be my bad boyfriend |
| 17 solasis | digiworld |
| 18 ethers void | stereo |
| 19 xeroxed brother | fragmented |
| 20 raya wrath of fancan | not even thinking |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CITR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "November" charts reflect airplay over October). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".

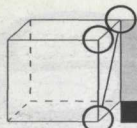


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on the dial

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowhit-caught-in-ver-buddy country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHM INDIA 8:00-10:00PM

Khyrim India features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhojans, and also Queerwavs, pop and regional language numbers.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM

Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble on 1 & 2.

TRANCEDANCE 12:00-

2:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. <trancedance@hotmail.com>

FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM

Spanish rock, ska, techno, and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es 'salala' (temporarily moved to live. 8-9PM).

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM

Your favourite brownstems, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a

blend of aural delights!

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW alt. 11:00-1:00PM

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Hancunt wants you to put your list to the wrist—you know where!

FILL-IN 4:00-5:00PM

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the 1Birds.

EVIL VS. GOOD alt. 6:00-7:30PM

Who will triumph?

Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

CONTEMPORARY alt. 6:30-7:30PM

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM

Since we can't go into advertising, we thought we'd go into radio. Our blurb suck, but our show don't. Tune into Wigflux Radio with your hosts Vyb and Krystabelle.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-

12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sue Gavin Walker. Features at 11. Nov. 5. Walk Dickerson a.k.a. "The Coltrane Of The Vibes," with pianist Andrew Hill and others on Dickerson's classic To My Queen. Also Gavin has special guest drummer/painter Gregg Simpson stop by.

Nov. 12: Count Basie and his orchestra Breakfast Dance And Barbeque.

Nov. 19: Fat Jazz, a rare album by master alto saxophonist Jackie McLean with trumpet legend Webster Young and teenage tube sensation Roy Draper.

Nov. 26: One of the unsung giants of the tenor saxophone, JR Monterose in peak form performing "JR In Action."

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM

CPR 2:00-3:30PM

Bluegrass, oldtime music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Bernan.

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things near and far. Your host, the great Darylan, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmonist note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deedler than the most dangerous criminal <3rdcharmin@home.com>

BLUES MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlong to!

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

PARTICLE 1:00-2:00PM

Incorporated into 101 soul are the remnants of digital sound. Unleashed, cryptic energies accelerate the sound particles through states of Becoming, breaking the flesh, whirling, hydro-head, rhizomatic sky. www.shrimite.com

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
6 ^{AM}						6 ^{AM}
7	REGGAE LINKUP		BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE
8			SUBURBAN JUNGLE			POLYDORPHUS THEATRE
9				END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED	WONDERLAND OF SIN
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	FOOL'S PARADISE		SKAT'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE
11			THE NORTHERN WISH	PLANET LOVETRON		
12 ^{PM}	GIRLFOOD	BLUE MONDAY	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SOULSISTAN RADIO
1	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	POWERCHORD
2			RADIO FREE PRESS	THE CHRONACROPEIA SHOW	NARDUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED(CF)	MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS		
4		FILL-IN				
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP (IN)	CTR NEWS (TK)	ELECTROLUX HOUR
6	QUEER FM	EVIL VS. GOOD	POP GOES THE WEASEL	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTIDE SOUNDS	RADIO FREE AMERICA
7		CONTEMPORARY	AND SOMETIMES WHY	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
8	RHYTHM INDIA	WIGFLUX RADIO	ANNABOUBOULA (JVG)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS	SOUL TREE
9		THE JAZZ SHOW	A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	HIGHBRED VOICES	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	PIPE DREAMS
10	THE SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP	SOUL SONIC WANDERLUST			THE RED EYE
11			STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR			EARWAX
12 ^{AM}	TRANCEDANCE	VENGEANCE IS MINE	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	FILL-IN	REGGAE LINKUP
1						
2						
3						
4	FILL-IN	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM			
5						
6						

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki= Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • M= metal • No= noise • Nw= Narduar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Re= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots

buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump.

THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW 3:30-4:30PM Christina returns with a show for the little listeners out there... kid's songs, stories, special guests and more.

ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM

10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM

Punk+Hardcore+Metals+Bandanos+thrash+Funkcore+Straightedge+as fuck. Since 1989, ya! <http://flexyourhead.vancouver-hardcore.com/>

ANNABOUOULA 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio. (On hiatus 'til further notice.)

A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM clavender@hotmail.com

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Phat platter, slim chatter.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!

surburbanjungle@channel88.com

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM Please, no mossaé.

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONGS 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmentally activist news and spoken word with some music too. erichstang@fycos.com

Nov. 7: Remembering Remembrance Day through interviews with war veterans and their thoughts on the current war in Afghanistan.

Nov. 14: A spotlight on veganism's morals and its ethical and environmental implications.

Nov. 21: A feature on the children's classic "Le Petit Prince" by Antoine de Saint Exupéry, with giveaways to follow.

Nov. 28: A talk with Naomi Klein.

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM AND SOMETIMES WHY. alt. 7:30-9:00PM (First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-

9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt. country and more. Not a mirage! folksoasis@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radiobactive Bhangrati "Chakkh de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funk.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM "Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (hardcore)." **THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW** 2:00-3:00PM Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM Back in full effect, Jan-9 and DJ Hedspin.

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velocitation! DJ Helmut Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://zevex.sus.israinnality.com/disco/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snop-pily-attired host Gary Olsen. eripuh55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitech with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of red rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to cdjka_@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Ali Shock and Prommie mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERV-

ETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

CITY NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAY

FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

POLYMORPHUS THEATRE alt. 7:00AM-8:00AM Old and new radio theatre productions of all genres. We begin with short episodes from the bizarre world of Bill Lizard, and the old-time series "Escape." (starts Nov. 11)

WONDERLAND OF SIN alt. 7:00AM-8:00AM From the roaring '20s to the coked-up '80s and beyond, come aboard and join us in this discovery of the underworld of Hollywood, pervasive tales of the Golden years of Movieland. Also featuring special guests, exploring the realm of independent film both nationally and around the world, and the latest news from the world of movie making.

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM African/World roots.

9AM-12PM Celtic music and performances.

SOULSTASH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Kattlehead, Dwayne, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFC (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree. (Welcome back Michael!)

PIPEDREAMS alt. 1:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

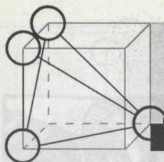
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck drop dem headz rock into junglist moshup/diabol do source full force with headz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free do jazz..." Out... -G. Stanley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

Kick around

november 2001
Scott Malin





datebook

what's happening in november

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 2

terri clark, jason mccoy@the arpheum; fix, loose in flight, rush@vancouver east cultural centre (on sat. too); the dead cats, 12 midnite & suicide ride, the cronies; boarding house skatepop tribute@anza club; yellow diablo fights a car@access arts centre; the gloryholes, the cripples, weird science@industrial coffee in georgetown; the golden wedding band@sugar refinery; star collector@pic pub

SAT 3

sight unseen@waterfront theatre (continuing); vancouver storytelling festival@wise hall; salsa dance@wise hall; the lazy cowgirls, the nasty on, the felchers@pic pub; bouncing souls, one man army, madcap@graceland (seattle); the colorifics@sugar refinery

SUN 4

CITR PRESENTS: BENNIE MAN@THE COMMODORE; eric's trip, hot little rocket, i kill my conscience at times...@richard's on richards; virginia rodriguez@vogue theatre; rogue folk club@wise hall; ivan klipstein, man at arms@sugar refinery

MON 5

momus, stereo total@starfish room; kick dog in space: the comic art of andy marshall@lucky's comics & art gallery ('til wednesday only); julie doiron, christine fellows@sugar refinery

TUE 6

CITR PRESENTS: SHINDIG! NAKED FOR JESUS, MY BUDDY DAVE, THE OLD RIPPER@RAILWAY CLUB; cave in, the icarus line@the paradox (seattle); parallela jazz series@sugar refinery; ursula rucker@richard's on richards

WED 7

the cinch, transformer, the burning brides@pic pub; the alan matheson trio@the cellar; cineworks filmmaker forum@sugar refinery; spiritualized@commodore; tall paul@richard's on richards; g-nius dj battle@ebony & ivory sound crew@sonar

THUR 8

tori amos, rufus wainwright@the arpheum; engine of the future, the dollar store jesus@arts club backstage lounge; green eggs and hammond@the cellar; ben wilson&chris kelly@sugar refinery; michelle shocked@richard's on richards; the coup and casual@sonar

FRI 9

sloan, flashing lights@croatian cultural centre; ihor kukurudza quartet@the cellar (tomorrow too); jetone, ben nevile, djs glynn, construct, and tobias@video in

SAT 10

CITR PRESENTS: FLASHLIGHT, BELVEDERE, CHICK MAGNETS@THE COBALT; wayne horvitz' 4+1 ensemble, zony mashy acoustic@norman rothstein theatre; wimpy ray and his bloated icons, cherry bomb, the pink flakes@the pic pub; falcons, metalunas, phantom 309, surfidesters, and more@mt. pleasant community centre (advance tix only); trail vs russia, donkey engine, recidivist, w/shown from unclear wiener@ms.'s; springer and doccommun@sugar refinery; djs spen (basement boys)@sonar

SUN 11

dinner with robert ashley@western front; tales from the gimli hospital@blinding light; metalwood@the jazz cellar; the gaza strippers, the spiffires, as in as sin@anza club; the hudson talons, the wednesday night heros, the amazombies@the pic pub; by a thread,himsa, closure@ms.'s

MON 12

shannon wright, songs: ohio@richard's on richards; perfect lives (opera for television)@pacific cinematheque

TUE 13

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG! THREE INCHES OF BLOOD, THE ORGAN, RESTORE@THE RAILWAY CLUB; pinback, saul duck, trail vs russia@the starfish room

WED 14

solex, dalek, birthday machine@starfish room; b3@the cellar; teetherces experiment@sugar refinery

THUR 15

kick in the eye@marine club; mike allen, oliver gannon quartet@the cellar; vague demons and colour thief@sugar refinery; emphysema (a love story)@van east cultural centre (continuing); resin@sugar refinery

FRI 16

empire & au pair@western front; real mckenzie@the anza club; pj perry quartet@the cellar; cunt@sugar refinery; tangerine dream@richard's on richards

SAT 17

pharcyde, souls of mischief, planet asia, rasco@commodore; puentes brothers@richard's on richards; yoko ono project@firehall arts centre (continuing); art damaged cabaret #3@ms.'s; mr. badwrench, the deadcats, evil norton niels@pic pub; the highbeams, the fliptops, midnight thunder express@industrial coffee (georgetown); kevin house@sugar refinery

SUN 18

CITR PRESENTS: MR. SCRUFF (NINJATUNE)@SONAR; icp orchestra@western front; pj perry quartet (matinee)@the cellar; bruno herbert trio@the cellar; 25 suaves, canned ham@sugar refinery

MON 19

taj mahal@commodore; pharcyde, souls of mischief, planet asia, rasco@the showbox (seattle); dashboard confessional, midtown, rocky votolato@graceland (seattle)

TUE 20

CITR PRESENTS: SHINDIG! DISCO INCOGNITO, SIX BLOCK RADIUS, MOTORCYCLE MAN@RAILWAY CLUB; pete tong@sonar; the fall@crocodile (seattle); bryn roberts quartet@the cellar; emphysema (a love story)@van east cultural centre (continuing)

WED 21

brad turner quartet@the cellar; uncle bomb@sugar refinery

THUR 22

vancouver underground film fest@the blinding light ('til sun); vague demons@ms.'s; green eggs & hammond@the cellar; colour thief@sugar refinery; stacey pullen@sonar

FRI 23

baker/plimley/kelly/vander der schyff@western front; frog eyes, baron samedi@ms.'s; dave young quintet@the cellar (tomorrow too); howard roark presents- 4 dex and no brains@sugar refinery; dj krush@sonar

SAT 24

CITR PRESENTS: SQUARE ONE@THE COMMODORE; mr. solid, chick magnets, glue, typhus, marlin spike@seelynn hall; broken crow quartet@sugar refinery; the juliana theory, the movie!life, the starting line@graceland (seattle); j.p. carter quartet@sugar refinery; critical band@roundhouse exhibition hall

SUN 25

bebel Gilberto@commodore; benefit jazz-a-hon@the cellar; emphysema (a love story)@van east cultural centre (last night, yo)

MON 26

jaffa, dj bruno@sonar

TUE 27

CITR PRESENTS: SHINDIG! BESTEST, SILT AND: TBA;

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.

FOR THE JANCEMBER ISSUE,

THE DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 5.

FAX LISTINGS IN TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL

<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

painters painting@the blinding light

WED 28

billy & cory weeds quartet@the cellar; in the end time, assertion, vague demons@the railway; sida mon amour@the blinding light; ben wilson&mitch kinney@sugar refinery; wilco, mercury rev@moore theatre (seattle)

THUR 29

alpha yaya diallo@richard's on richards; green eggs & hammond@the cellar; eon' live set to beauty & the beast@the blinding light; parlour steps@sugar refinery

FRI 30

the buttlers chaps@sugar refinery

SPECIAL EVENTS

A SCRUFFY PRESENTATION

CiTR presents Mr. Scruff with special guest Dana D at Sonar, Sunday November 18, 2001 (doors 8pm). Tickets are \$12 at Zulu, Boomtown, Bassix, Futuristic Flavour and Sonar.

SHINDIG: STILL GOING

In November Shindig coasts into the semi-finals. Come and catch your favourites every Tuesday at the Railway Club. Jokes for beer, heckling Ben... it's all good fun. (Sorry, Ben.)

OH NO, YOKO

A part of the Firehall Arts Centre's "Attitude" program, *The Yoko Ono Project* is "a cheeky multi-media performance art comedy" investigating "the demonization of one of the most intriguing and controversial artists in North American pop culture." At the Firehall Arts Centre, November 15-December 8. Call 604.689.0926.

WIND

It's November. That means there's a chance that there will be some wind. Let's hope it comes, folks. Put away your umbrellas and take it like a man.

ENDEARING FALL RELEASES & TOUR DATES

PO BOX 69009 WINNIPEG, MB R3P 2G9 WWW.ENDEARING.COM, INFO@ENDEARING.COM



JULIE DOIRON DESORMAIS

a french language album from juno award winning songwriter julie doiron. sparse, warm and lovely. **julie will be appearing at the sugar refinery, nov 5 and thursdays, nov 6.**



CLIVE HOLDEN, JASON TAIT, J.K. SAMSON, CHRISTINE FELLOWS TRAINS OF WINNIPEG

poems by clive, soundtrack by jason, john (of the weakerthans) and christine fellows. **christine will be performing at the sugar refinery, nov 5 and at thursdays, nov 6.**



HOT LITTLE ROCKET

DANISH DOCUMENTARY

embracing both melody and abrasion, calgary's hot little rocket evoke the dissonance of english guitar noise and the urgency of american post-punk. **hot little rocket will be opening up for eric's trip at diegos, nov 3 and richards, nov 4.**



READYMADE

ON POINT AND RED

from vancouver, this is readymade's eagerly awaited 2nd album. opar transcends old school shoegaze to create an album of sprawling urban soundscapes ideal for skytrain rides and rainy nights.

ENDEARING ARTISTS IN VANCOUVER/VICTORIA

NOV 3: VICTORIA: ERIC'S TRIP/HOT LITTLE ROCKET, DIEGO'S

NOV 4: VANCOUVER: ERIC'S TRIP/HOT LITTLE ROCKET, RICHARDS

NOV 5: VANCOUVER: JULIE DOIRON/CHRISTINE FELLOWS, SUGAR REFINERY, 2 SHOWS

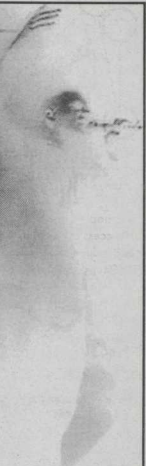
NOV 6: VICTORIA: JULIE DOIRON/CHRISTINE FELLOWS, THURSDAYS

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IN THE ZULU GRAIN

MOGWAI MY FATHER MY KING CD

The first new release from Glasvegas **MOGWAI** since this spring's full-length sees the band looking back to the wall of shimmering guitar power after the more mellow moods of that album. A single 21-minute song of epic proportions is leveled at the listener on this effort, based upon a simple ancient Jewish melody that the band was taught by **Arthur Baker**, and reworked with their trademark gigantic sound enhanced by the production work of **Steve Albini**.

CD 9.98

FUGAZI THE ARGUMENT CD/LP

This record should be called **Amazing** instead of **THE ARGUMENT**. Not just because this record is amazing, which it is, but because **FUGAZI** keep getting better and better. Their previous release, the eclectic soundtrack to **Jess Cohen's** um, also amazing **FUGAZI** documentary, **Instrument**, seems to have freed **FUGAZI** creatively, leading to all kinds of new sounds and ideas. Of course, the basic **FUGAZI** nuts and bolts are still abundantly here, and they still rock out with ease, but they've matured considerably, demonstrating once again the significance of their much-respected drive and integrity. Amazing, yes, amazing.

CD 14.98 LP 12.98

THE TRANS CHAMPS DOUBLE EXPOSURE CD/LP

DOUBLE EXPOSURE... hmmm, with my limited photographic knowledge we seem to be discussing the process of exposing a single frame of film to two dynamic images! Needless to say, the results dramatically capture the definitions of photographic realism: Are you with me... good, then sit back because your definition of sonic realism is about to get restructured also, as long time Zulu faves **TRANS AM** and **THE FUCKING CHAMPS** exposure a single strip of audio tape to two of heavy future-metal treatments.

CD/LP 12.98

Opening this November!

Zulu expands into the building next door at 1976 West 4th Avenue

This new space will feature extensive new and used vinyl, specialized new CDs, and plenty of room to peruse our varied selection



BEBEL GILBERTO TANTO TEMPO REMIXES CD

People often come into our store asking us what might sound good in their CD players along with, say, **Kruder and Dorfmeister**, **Thevery Corporation**, **Llorca**, or **Saint Germain**. Ranging from laidback and cool to upbeat and danceable, we think these thirteen new remixes of **BEBEL GILBERTO's** debut **Tanto Tempo** are just the thing. Featuring tracks by **Peter Kruder** (of **Kruder and Dorfmeister**), **Vibry Trio**, **Rae & Christian**, **King Sitt**, **Funk Action**, **Cherry**, and more.

CD 16.98

THE SILVER MOUNT ZION... BORN INTO TROUBLE AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD CD/2X10"

Putting the rock back into Baroque? Putting the Baroque back into Galt? Putting the Galt back into post-rock? Another ad-hoc agit-prop sock hop featuring members of **GOODSPEED YOU BLACK EMERSON!** all wrapped up in the requisite beautiful Constellation Records packaging (the double ten-inch's sleeve even smells nice). Many of our customers believe this splinter group's previous effort to be the best **GOODSPEED!**-related project so far. The follow-up does not disappoint. Essential brooding.

CD 12.98 2X10" 16.98

LOSCIL TRIPLE POINT CD

So much music that attempts hypnosis is merely reptilian. Ladies and gentlemen—welcome to the real thing. **TRIPLE POINT** is the debut solo album from **Destroyer** drummer and multimedia-artist-about-town **Scott Morgan**. Not just another local wannabe act, **LOSCIL** makes limpid post-Montréal electronic so perfectly impressive that it caught the ear of Chicago's **Kranky** label—the imprint that brought **GOODSPEED YOU BLACK EMERSON!** to a grateful world, lest we forget. Zulu Records is proud to provide you with an opportunity to catch the first wave of a genuine, Vancouver-based phenomenon. Get ready to ride the somnambulant ambience.

CD 16.98



KEVIN KANE TIMMY LOVED JUDAS PRIEST CD

One of my earliest concert experiences was **THE DRAPES OF WRATH** at the PNE Aquadome many summers ago. At the peak of their powers, they capped their fine selection of originals with a handful of choice cover versions—lovingly rendered glimpses at their record collections. Continuing that thread, **Grapes** mainman **KEVIN KANE** has pulled an album of acoustic renditions of great songs from the '60s to the '90s (with guest appearances from **Vada Williams** and **Heika Cose**). From **The Kinks** to **Kraftwerk**, **The Go-Go's** to **Balded by Voices**—snapshots from his youth, yours and mine handled with care and grace. Limited to 500 hand-numbered copies, so don't sleep on this local gem.

CD 12.98

(INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY A NEW MORNING, CHANGING WEATHER CD

I'd hard to find a more apt effort of global capitalism. And it's even harder to do this from the context of popular culture, which normally trivializes or rejects political analysis. For good or bad, **THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY** has placed themselves in this difficult, even contradictory position. Maybe their thoughtful political agenda might not win them as many fans as the great '60s influenced punk rock they play (which rocks even harder live, by the way). But who knows, maybe their message of life and revolution might also inspire us to the next time we first ourselves dancing uncontrollably to their music, our limber bodies helping free our minds. Smash it up for the multitude.

CD 16.98

BOBBY CONN THE GOLDEN AGE CD

I was once anointed by the sounds of Mr. **BOBBY CONN**. It was a pleasurable experience, but like most that are characterized by hedonistic pursuits, there were some permanent after effects. His music is daring, bold, youthful and wise (a rare mix), but also very dangerous. Having said this, his perilous bombastic combinations of soul, rock and introspective lyricism have left me extremely eager to depart for the **CONN** universe! There my friends, we can piece together the puzzles.

CD 19.98



DJ FOOD and DK SOUND STEEL CD

As if most as popular as the late '80s DJ that saw thousands of youngsters racing towards careers in delinquency, today's youth retain dreams of the lusty DJ workplace. You see... the skilled DJ is free, and destined to roam the countryside with turntable stashed for some chillin' episodes. **DJ FOOD and DK** are two such audacious individuals—mixing **BOARDS OF CANADA**, **FOUR TET**, **BLACK ALICIOUS**, **DJ VADIM**, **JERU**, **NEOTROPIC** and many more—sure beats pulling teeth from bloody gums! Enjoy.

CD 19.98

VELVET UNDERGROUND THE BOOTLEG SERIES VOL 1 3CD

Clearly one of the most anticipated releases for the Mojo rock historians, this 3 CD set is curated by famous NYC guitarist/post-punk impresario **Robert Quine**. Featuring 3 live sets from the **VU** pre-Loaded era, these recordings from dates in San Francisco and Washington DC point to the peak of their 1969 counter-culture prominence. Playing material from their first two albums (with very little overlap on the individual set lists), each night ends with blistering versions of "Sister Ray"—a tune, then destined to reverberate for future generations. "Rock'n'Roll" is the only previously released track as it appears on 1969 **Velvet Underground Live**, and that should provide the curious with some idea of **Lu's** intensity level. If "Electricity comes from other planets," then this terrain is a pleasant shock. Available early November.

3CD 46.98

OTHER MUSIC:

TOMAHAWK s/t CD

LE TIGRE Feminist Sweepstakes CD/LP

CEX Oops I Did It Again CD

MR. LEN Pity The Fool CD/LP

RESTIFORM BODIES s/t CD

SOLE Learning To Walk CD

MODEST MUSE Everywhere and His

Palour Tricks CDEP/12"

THE FAINT Mote/Dust CdeP/12"

DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE The Photo album

CD/LP

R.L. BURNSIDE Burnside On Burnside CD

HOOD Cold House CD/LP

MONOLAKE Cinemascope CD

SILVER JEWTS Tennessee CDEP

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